

The Sketch

No. 768.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



ROSALIND AS A SHEPHERD BOY: MISS LILY BRAYTON'S UNCONVENTIONAL DRESS IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Mr. Oscar Asche's production of "As You Like It," at His Majesty's, has several unconventional points. One of them is that Rosalind, when disguised as Ganymede, wears not only the conventional dress, but the dress of a shepherd boy. The latter we illustrate.

Drawing of the scene from sketches by our Special Artist; photograph of Miss Brayton by Rita Martin.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

A Merry Death-Scene.

London.
The descriptive writers on the daily Press had a lovely time over the wreck of the "Nulli Secundus." The pathos of the catastrophe never seemed to trouble them in the least; they all saw the comic side of the happening. The moment they enjoyed the most came when Sergeant Ramsey lashed his jack-knife to a piece of broken bamboo, and "hacked at the tent-like arrangement aft of the envelope." They all agree that the unfortunate air-ship, when partially deflated, looked just like an elephant; and one gentleman merrily adds that she "presently sat down upon where her haunches would be if she had any." Really, that must have been a merry wake at the Crystal Palace! The chief comedian, I gather, was Mr. Cody. By the way, I once met Mr. Cody, and I have never forgotten it. One afternoon, during the time that I had the honour of being employed in the office of this Journal, Mr. Cody came into my room with a bundle of photographs. His appearance was most striking. He wore a cowboy hat, very loose clothes, long hair, a large moustache, and, I think, a flowing beard. I received him, of course, with great respect. The photographs showed him in mid-air, supported by nothing more substantial than a square-shaped kite. The pictures fascinated me, and they duly appeared in the pages of *The Sketch*. Since that time the Cody kite has become familiar.

Mr. Cody's Speech.

But all that is by the way. I want to linger over the picture of Mr. Cody at the death-bed of his beloved air-ship. He was appropriately garbed, it seems, in mournful black, and his first words are historic. "It's been an almighty smash!" he said. Well, it had, you know, but very few men would have selected exactly the right words at that moment. Then he ran across to the engine, peeped underneath the shroud, and turned the handle delicately. Joy! The engine was uninjured. Mr. Cody straightened his fine, powerful figure, threw back his hair, and delivered the following speech to the gentlemen of the Press. "Boys!" he said, his lovely voice shaking with emotion, his broad shoulders shaking, his blue eyes dim with unshed tears, his artistic hands clasped together in thankfulness, his black macintosh falling about him in graceful folds, his head bared to the cruel gale that had wrought him so great a hurt, his tiny feet planted squarely and bravely on the cinder-path, his knees bent a little, but still willing, his elbows close to his sides in the attitude of one about to run a desperate race, his nostrils dilated, his fingers twitching (despite the fact of his hands being so firmly clasped), his ears comparatively motionless, "Boys," he said, "I hope to give you a better show next time." (Cheers and drinks.)

Free Fighting.

Judge Parry is a very remarkable man and a very wise Judge. I recognised that on the evening when I witnessed his sweet little comedy entitled "What the Butler Saw." And Judge Parry differs from many Judges in that he is fond of judging. He is no shirker. He does not loathe his court-house and take a violent dislike to everyone who comes into it in the course of business. On the contrary, he presides in genial fashion, making his guests quite at home and beaming at them as though he looks forward to the pleasure of seeing them again. He would, of course, prefer that both parties to a dispute should win, and that all prisoners should be acquitted. But this is impossible, and he contents himself, therefore, with a grain of philosophy on a lump of sugar, and goes on as before. Not that I have ever seen Judge Parry or that I know anything whatever about him save for the internal evidence to be discovered in "What the Butler Saw." My remarks are based on an

extract from a speech by the Judge which appears in a daily paper. "It is an iniquitous thing," he said, "to charge poor people fees for having their disputes decided." Should the powers that be uphold the Judge, I think the flat-irons will begin to fly, and any tinker who can make a good job of a broken frying-pan will do a roaring trade.

Buried Treasure.

Another eminent man of quite extraordinary sagacity is Sir Benjamin Brown. Sir Benjamin Brown, happening to be at Newcastle, placed on record the following great truth: "The man," he said slowly, "who saves a sovereign makes capital, and is helping to make work for his fellow-men." I have no intention of being irreverent, but I cannot help thinking of the man who was given a talent, and decided that the best thing he could do with it would be to wrap it in a napkin and bury it in the ground. If you remember, he was spoken to pretty sharply on the subject, and the talent was taken away from him. There can be no doubt, however, that that man saved his sovereign, and I daresay he made a good deal of labour for his fellow-men. I can see them putting in plenty of spade-work looking for that talent. It was jolly hard, therefore, that he had not Sir Benjamin Brown at hand to defend him when his master came home and took the money away. As a matter of fact, I have been placed in a similar position myself. I saved a few talents, years and years ago, and buried them very securely in a mine. The mine was in South Africa, and, for all I know, it is there to this day. As for my talents, though, some rascal appears to have made off with them. I wish I could persuade Sir Benjamin Brown to look into the matter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(NOTE.—I shall be glad to receive letters from my readers on subjects of general interest, and will endeavour to reply to them, briefly but firmly, in this corner. You are particularly requested, however, not to enclose stamped, addressed envelopes. I have no time to reply through the post, or even to steam off the stamps.)

Joy writes.—"I live with my Auntie, and she doesn't like it. She is a nice woman really, but invariably contrives to show me the worst side of her character. We have a lovely house and garden, and the food is excellent. What would you advise me to do about it?"—My dear "Joy," take not the slightest notice of your Aunt. She is probably concealing an excellent heart beneath a rough exterior. This is a very old trick, and has been exposed times without number by novelists and dramatists. You probably make the common mistake of being too lenient. She should not be able to call her soul her own, much less her house.

SPLendid FELLOW wants to know if I can tell him a certain cure for sleeplessness. Unless he gets his regular twelve hours he is an absolute wreck. Unfortunately, his bed-room is next the bath-room, and "Splendid Fellow" is sure to wake the very moment his father begins to splash about.—The remedy, my dear friend, is very simple. Your father must postpone his bath until he returns from the City in the evening. All this paternal bathing is the sheerest nonsense. I shall hope to hear from you very shortly that you have got the old man into better order.

ONE YOU WILL NEVER KNOW writes—"I have taken a violent dislike to you, partly on account of your writings, and partly on account of the picture of you—I'm sure it is a faithful likeness—that appears above 'Motley Notes.' You are a driveller, my dear Sir, and why anybody prints your miserable twaddle passes my comprehension. I hear that your last book did not do particularly well. Hurrah!" Hundreds of similar unsolicited testimonials received daily.

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MRS. ATHERTON, WHO IS BRINGING AN ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE
AGAINST THE HON. JOHN YARDE-BULLER.

Mrs. Atherton is the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise against the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, son and heir of Lord Churston, and husband of Miss Denise Orme.
Mrs. Atherton is claiming £20,000, and the suit will be heard during the Michaelmas term.

Photograph by H. Waller Barnett.

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GAMBLING WHEN IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO WIN:

HOW THE SHARP FLEECES THE FLAT.



Mr. John Philip Quinn, a converted American gambler, has been making a hard fight against gambling for the past nineteen years. His method is to prove by demonstration that, once in the hands of a sharp, it is impossible for anyone to win. Some of the most popular gambling devices are here illustrated. In the case of the machines in which the game depends upon numbers, there is, of course, a scale of winning numbers and a scale of losing numbers, and in some of them there is also a star. If a player's coin falls on the star he does not lose his money, but may have another chance by doubling his stakes; hence the sharp's method of allowing his victim to score several stars before making him take a losing number. In the case of the O'Leary belt, there is an inner band, which the sharp moves after the card has been selected, that his victim must draw a blank. In the border are other gambling devices. Mr. Quinn is now in England.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.

THE CLUBMAN

A PROBABLE PORTUGUESE "FOUR" AT HENLEY—CASCAES—CINTRA—THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL AS A SPORTSWOMAN—THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN PACT.

IT will add piquancy to next year's Henley if a Portuguese "four" come there to race, which is far from improbable. One of the missionaries of good rowing, an old Oxford oar, is living in Lisbon now, and he has taken the local boating men in hand with such good effect that a four of Portuguese gentlemen beat at Cascaes an English four sent down by the Oporto Rowing Club, and are seriously thinking of coming to British waters, there to meet our champions. No doubt Oporto will not like being beaten by Lisbon, and it may be that the chosen four of the port-wine city may have taken their training a little too easily, and may be able to make a better showing against the victors on another occasion; but, be that as it may, the desire of Portugal to be taken into account in international athletics is another proof of the spread of interest in out-of-door sports on the Continent.

Cascaes, where the regatta was held at which the interesting race I have been writing about was rowed, is, with its sister town, Estoril, one of the unspoilt fashionable seaside villages of Southern Europe. Lisbon is a long way from London and Berlin, and few men go there except on business; but it has in Cintra and in Cascaes two of the most delightful summer and autumn towns of retreat that can be conceived. The tourists who go up to Cintra in winter for a day and visit the Moorish Castle and give money and cigars to the prisoners caged like wild beasts in the centre of the town gain no idea of the simple, healthy life the Portuguese royalties and the Court and the foreign diplomatists lead in this mountain paradise during the summer; and not one tourist in twenty of those who visit Lisbon ever hears of Cascaes, for, though it is the Brighton of Portugal, it is not a show town: Baedeker dismisses it in three lines, and it has no "sights," unless a cave known as "the Mouth of Hell," where the waves on stormy days war most furiously, can be called a sight.

Cascaes is just outside the bar of the estuary of the Tagus, but a promontory shelters it from the full force of the Atlantic, and it possesses a charming little bay, where the water is generally smooth. When it grows cold up at Cintra the King and the Queen and the Queen-Mother drive down from the mountains to Cascaes and spend a happy month there in a perfect climate before going to Lisbon for the winter. The King and Queen live in a green-shuttered bungalow in the midst of the old citadel

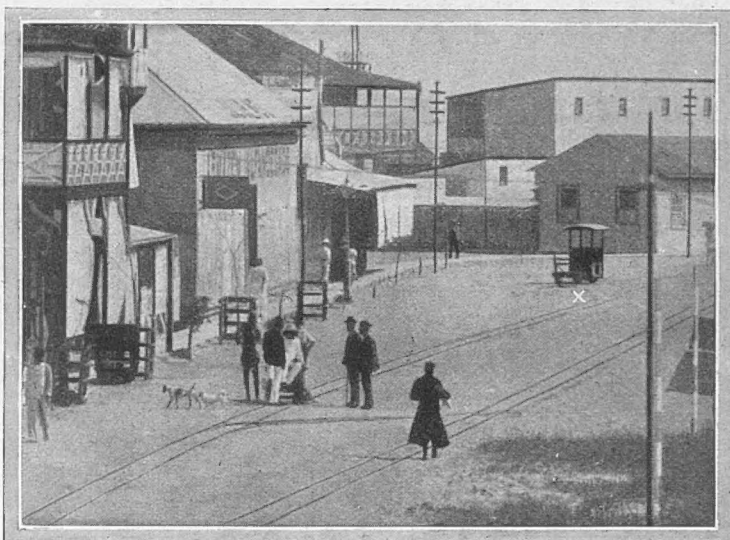
on the rocks, and all the members of the royal family and all the great nobles and many of the wealthy merchants have villas, built in all styles, and showing a partiality for roofs of multi-coloured tiles, amidst the trees on the hills which slope down to the sea. The Casa O'Neil is one of the most splendid seaside palaces I know, and there is a great park owned by a Portuguese nobleman which is a glorious place for the picnics in which the Portuguese royal family take a delight.

There are two packs of fox-hounds which hunt at Cascaes. As packs they would in India be classed as "bobbery," and the customs and etiquette of the shires are not too closely observed; but the hounds serve as an excuse for a good gallop, and the Queen, who is a splendid horsewoman, enjoys the excitement of a run immensely.

Her Majesty is also a fine sailor, and she sails her own boat—one of the little fleet which always lies in the bay—with great skill. It must have been a great pleasure to her to give the cups to her victorious countrymen, as she did at the Sporting Club. The club of Cascaes is in its way as remarkable as everything else in that pleasant village. It is little more than a cottage covered with creepers, and surrounded by acres of lawn-tennis courts. There is also at Cascaes the most picturesque pigeon-shooting ground in the world—a lawn of perfect turf on a rock promontory jutting right out into the sea. The King, as all the world knows, is a fine shot, and the ladies of the Court also shoot on this lawn amongst the waves, but not, I am glad to say, at doves. They shoot at roses, which is a very pretty pastime, and some of the Portuguese ladies can give an excellent account of themselves both with rifle and revolver.

Budapest must be a lively and pleasant town just now, for the pact of agreement with Austria for ten years will come as a great relief to all classes amongst the Hungarians. A perpetual quarrel with Austria would have meant the tightening of many purse-strings,

and the Hungarians, particularly those of the upper classes, have not too much money as it is to spend on their amusements. Hungary now is socially very much like the Ireland which Lever described for us. The country gentlemen, all with titles, hunt and shoot and visit each other at their castles, and look down on any pursuits of a commercial nature; but a very large number of the estates are mortgaged up to the hilt, and ready money is by no means plentiful.



EVERY MAN HIS OWN TRAM-OWNER: ONE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CARS AT BEIRA.

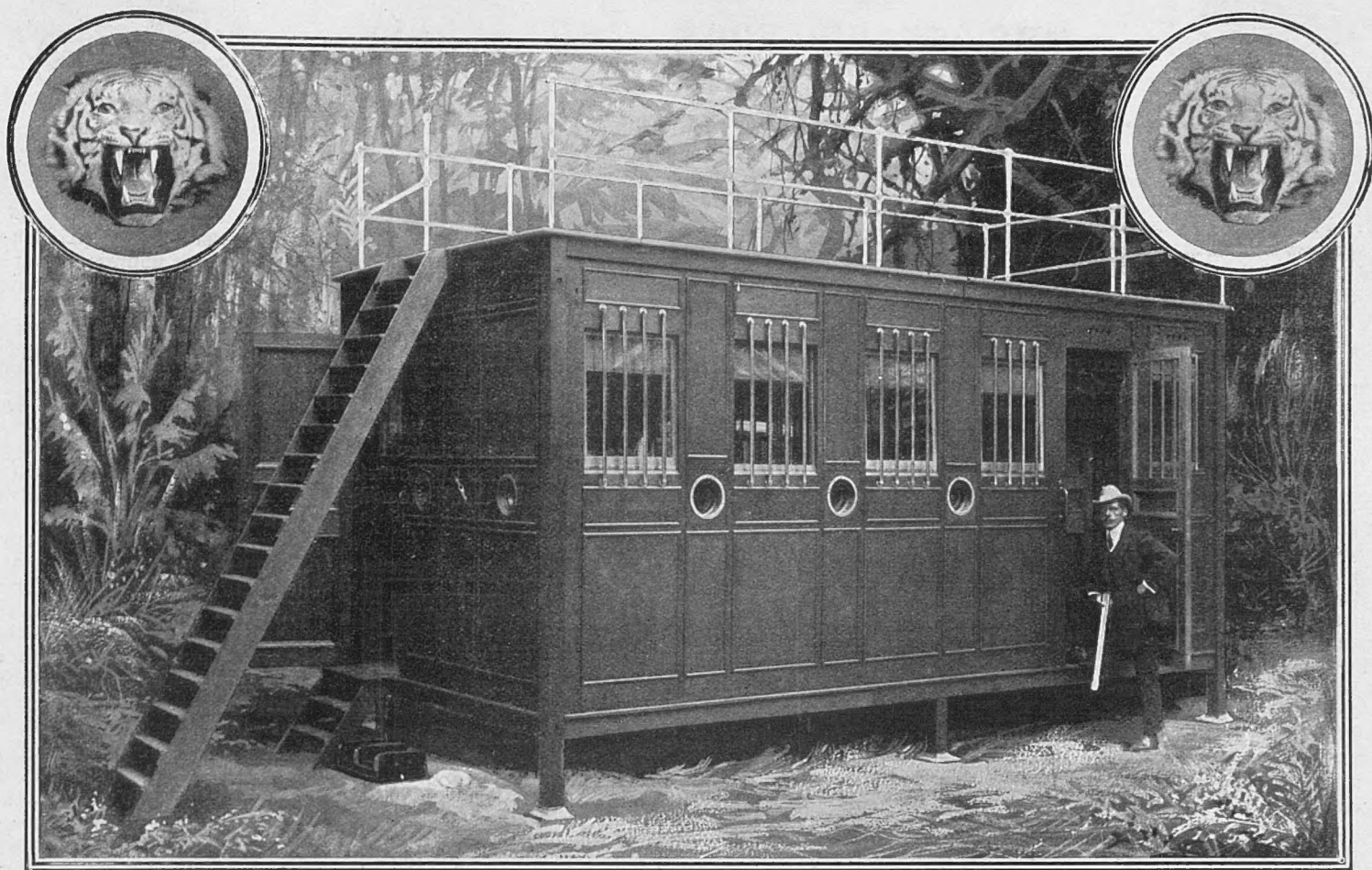
Beira, in Portuguese East Africa, possesses a remarkable tram service. So thick is the loose sand in the streets that ordinary locomotion is practically impossible. Therefore, rails have been laid throughout the town. On these very many of the residents run their own little cars, an example of which is here illustrated (x). Each car is pushed along the rails by a native.



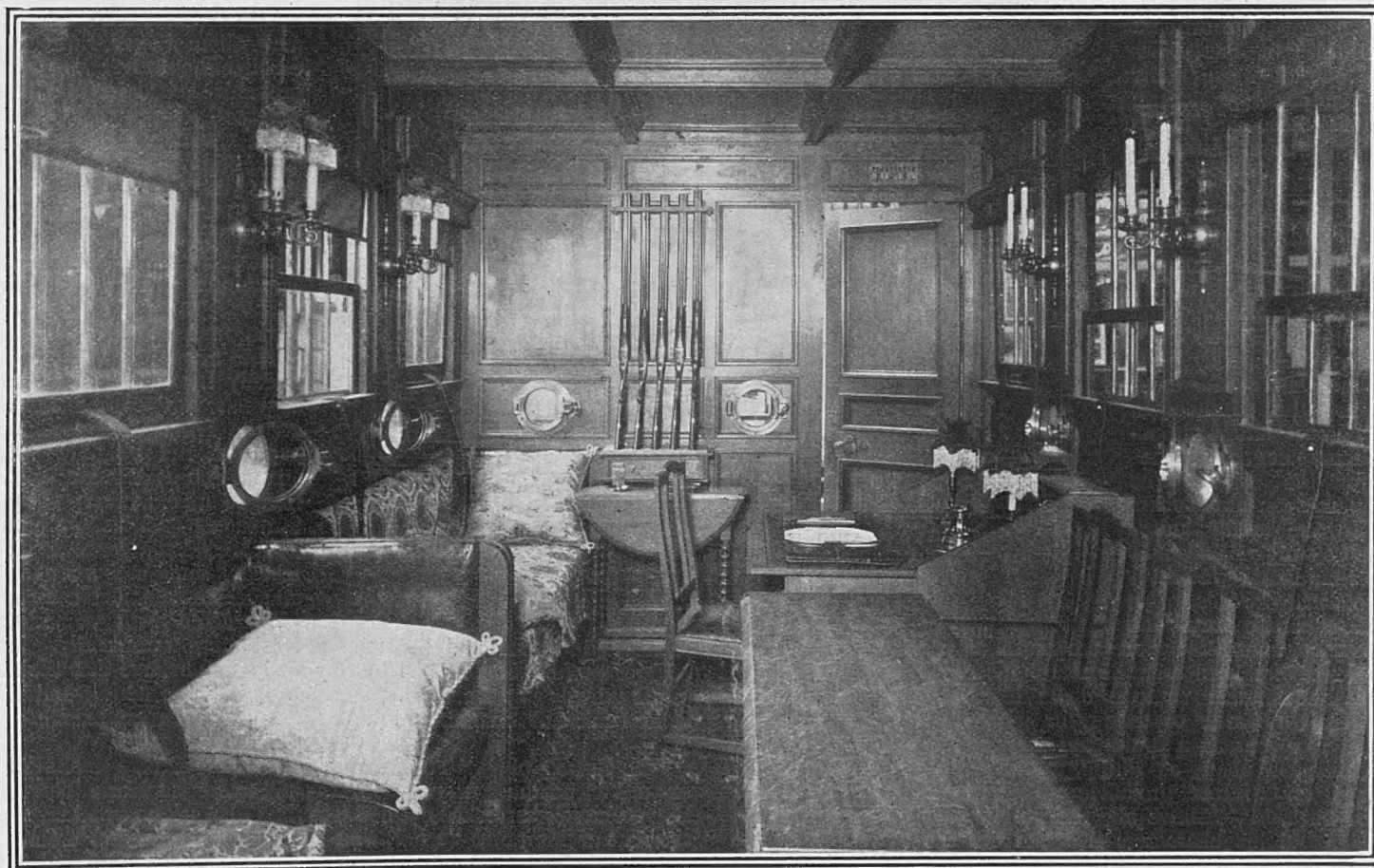
STILL IT COMES!—DIABOLISM ON THE STAGE: THE PALACE GIRLS IN THE DIABOLO SONG NOW BEING GIVEN AT THE PALACE.

Photograph taken specially for the "Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.

THE JAM IN HIS PRESERVES: SHOOTING THROUGH PORT-HOLES.

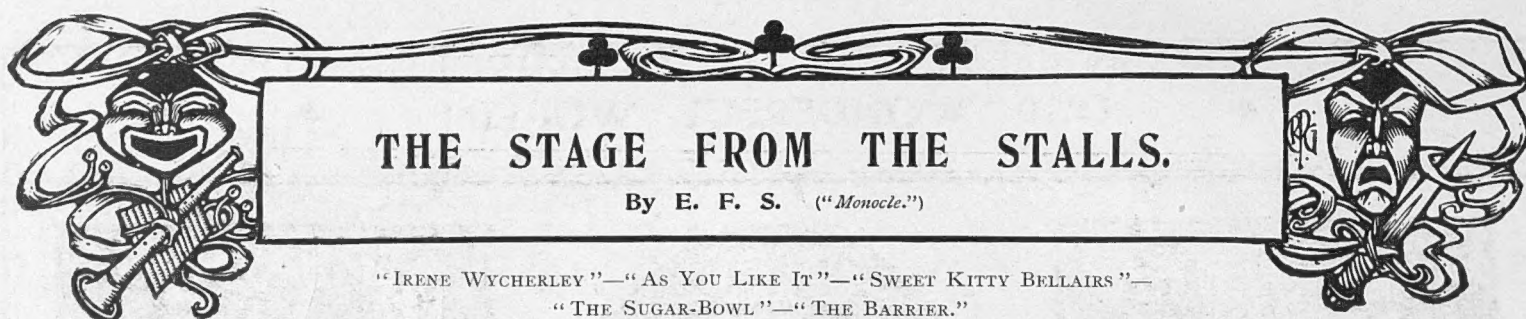


PRINCE RANJITSINHJI'S MOVABLE SHOOTING-BOX FOR SPORT IN THE JUNGLE, SHOWING THE PORT-HOLES THROUGH WHICH THE BEASTS WILL BE SHOT, AND THE "UPPER DECK."



THE QUEEN ANNE INTERIOR OF PRINCE RANJITSINHJI'S ELABORATE MOVABLE SHOOTING-BOX.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, the Jam of Nawanagar, has had made the movable shooting-box here illustrated, which has just been despatched to him. It can be taken to pieces, sent by rail to a given point, and drawn from there to the jungle on a trolley by oxen or elephants. It will be left in the jungle until the animals have become accustomed to it, and then the Jam will take up his residence in the caravan, and be ready for his quarry at any time. Port-holes for the rifles are arranged at a convenient height all round the box, which has, in addition to its one main room, a bath-room and a lavatory. The outside of the caravan is painted a dull green, in order that it may blend with the jungle, and in the inside also, which is decorated in the Queen Anne style, green is the prevailing colour. The sofas can be converted into beds, and there are provided writing-bureaux, bridge-tables, and comfortable chairs, while the floor is parquet, covered with Persian rugs. The shooting-box has been made in England for the well-known firm of Leach and Weborny, of Bombay.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"IRENE WYCHERLEY"—"AS YOU LIKE IT"—"SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"—
"THE SUGAR-BOWL"—"THE BARRIER."

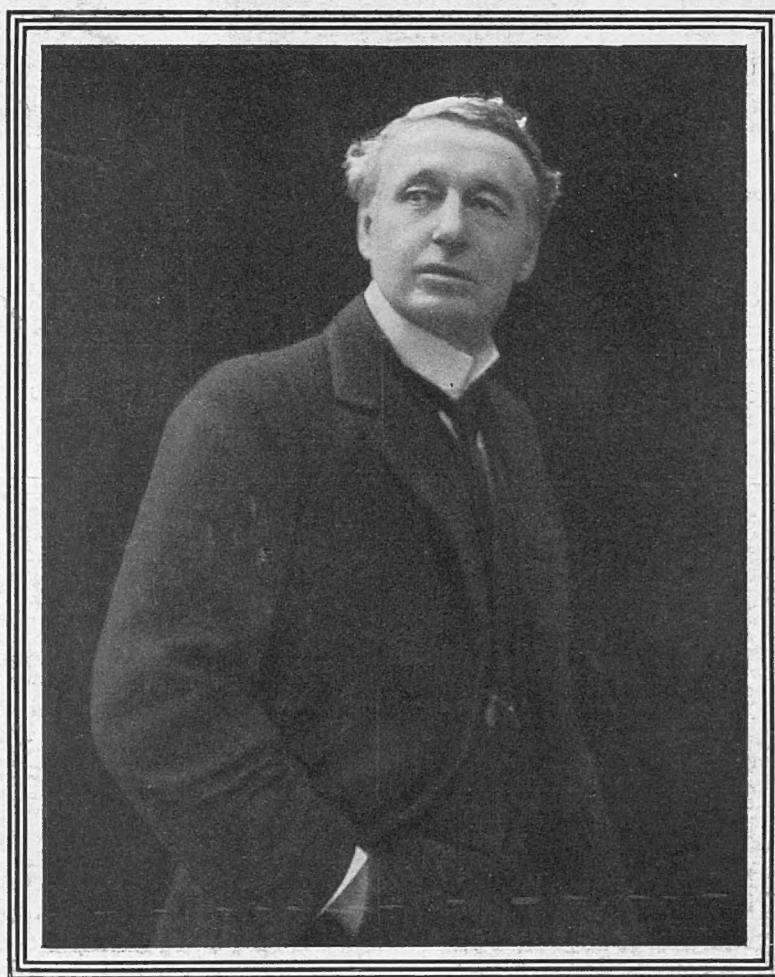
THE really thrilling event of the week has been the discovery of a new dramatist. Miss Lena Ashwell is the discoverer, and she had the pluck to begin her campaign at the Kingsway Theatre—formerly the Great Queen Street Theatre—by presenting a play, a bold play, the author of which, Mr. Anthony P. Wharton, belonged to the great army of the unacted. "Irene Wycherley" is less than a flawless masterpiece, but in many respects abler than any first British play that I recollect. So sure is the dramatist of his grip that he ventures upon reticences that seem like the experiments in technique of an old hand—as, for instance, in the business of the "accident" to Philip Wycherley, which we only discover to have been an attempted murder by piecing together scattered phrases and attaching great importance to apparently casual remarks: perhaps in this case the reticence is excessive; but the attempt is creditable, and it must be remembered that after the first night the murder's out, and subsequent playgoers will not be perplexed as we were. Some of Mr. Wharton's good qualities are almost vexing. In the first act he presented us to three charming, well-contrasted women, in whom we all got interested—he merely used them in his exposition; and then, alas! we had no more of Miss Gertrude Scott, who acted ably as one of them; Miss Nannie Bennett, charming as the second; and Miss Christine Silver, quite brilliant as the third. In fact, Miss Silver is one of those really talented actresses, unknown in London, whose existence is denied by croakers, though maintained on this page.

Mr. Wharton—a young man, I fancy—does not show the calm, intellectual criticism of life which distinguished another very promising first play, "The Silver Box." In fact, "Irene Wycherley" belongs essentially to the emotional, not the intellectual, drama, and it shows in an extraordinary degree an instinct for the stage. The author creates an atmosphere of horror one hardly knows how; he gets bigger effects by silence than most would by means of many words. No doubt he is rather brutal and too violent in contrasts; these are faults of youth. It would be wise to make the unpleasant husband a little less repulsive and offensive, and slightly to tone down his amorous scene. This may be partly a matter of acting, for when you ask Mr. Norman McKinnel to represent a brute, you may be sure you will get all the brutality you need; as Philip, I think we had a little more, but this I say without prejudice to my respect for the skilful power of his work. Above all, the author's dialogue reveals his characters, and his characters live and aid the players. Everyone acted effectively. Miss Lena Ashwell was at her best; she realised perfectly the woman who had suffered, who loved and resisted the love because it was lawless. Her mannerisms have gone: suddenly, to me at least, she seems to have become an actress of a new and far finer calibre, and one may fairly call her work magnificent. A difficult task was given to Mr. Dennis Eadie as the husband's kindly, cynical father, and he played it admirably. The work of Mr. Hallard, the lover, must be praised, and so, too, that of Miss Frances Ivor and Miss Doris Lytton, whilst Miss Muriel Wylford gave a striking picture of the vicious woman who fights for her position in Society.

On the whole the production of "As You Like It" is as I like it, and I sat out the whole of the dress rehearsal and first performance with pleasure. The alleged novelties did not impress me very greatly, but there is a charming freshness and vitality about this revival of the delightful comedy. One may assent to some of the criticisms, as that Orlando is rather too rustic, Rosalind a bit of a hoyden; and it would be better, perhaps, if the pair chose a somewhat more restrained method in the courting scenes; but they are certainly a delightful couple of lovers to look at and listen to, and play with an admirable air of sincerity which might disappear if they tried to force the poetic note. The Touchstone of Mr. Courtice Pounds was perhaps a little over-elaborate and thoughtful, still, many scenes were quite finely amusing; the Audrey of Miss Marianne Caldwell is exaggerated, if clever, but I cannot abide any Audrey—I am deaf to the humours of the courtship. The Jaques of Mr. Oscar Asche to me appeared altogether excellent—I cannot remember, out of many Jaques, any before who rendered the part so human and humorous. Mr. Fisher White was quite an excellent First Lord, and the Oliver of Mr. Ian Penny was curious and impressive. Everyone seems to admit that the old Adam of Mr. Brydone was extraordinarily good. Mr. Harker's pretty pictures contributed in no small measure to the success of the entertainment.

Of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "The Sugar Bowl" my recollection is not very vivid, probably because "Irene Wycherley" put out of my mind the thoughts of purely conventional works with well-worn plots handled without regard to real life. They seemed to delight the audiences, and in the former there was a vast amount of fighting and bustling business in gay costumes of the eighteenth century; whilst "The Sugar Bowl" was as sweetly sentimental as its title suggests. Both of them suffered on the first night from excess of length, and probably by now are far more effective. Two things I do remember—the performances of Miss Eva Moore and Miss Ellis Jeffreys. The former, though burdened by an accent and a needlessly long part, acted with remarkable vivacity and charm, and kept the pot a-boiling wonderfully. Miss Jeffreys as the "Sugar Bowl" easily made one believe that the flies would quickly pay their visits, and her quiet, fine acting and nice little touches of humour and pathos were of very great service.

Mr. Sutro's play, "The Barrier," is a hardly sincere treatment of our old friend the "woman-with-a-past," and Miss Marie Tempest, though acting very cleverly, had less than her customary triumph in the part of Margaret Verrall, who tried hard to conceal from her aristocratic fiancé and his family the fact that she had much to conceal. The piece has plenty of effective scenes and smart passages in its redundant dialogue. It may not be exactly plausible, nor are what one assumes to be the author's views quite acceptable to mere worldlings; but a strong melodramatic situation is reached in the third act, and before it arrives there are striking episodes. Mr. A. E. Matthews has only one scene that suits him; Mr. Aynesworth is well fitted by his character. For once, Mr. Eric Lewis (as a sentimental Duke) was rather ineffective and tiring; Mr. A. E. Anson made a "hit" as the villain, and Miss Lillah McCarthy and Miss Muriel Beaumont acted very well.



"THE MOLLUSC," AT THE CRITERION; SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM,
WHO IS PLAYING TOM KEMP.

"The Mollusc" was due for production at the Criterion last night (Tuesday).
For a three-act play it has a remarkably small cast—four people.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



LOGS AS EAR-ORNAMENTS: EAST AFRICAN NATIVES, SHOWING HOW THE LOBE OF THE EAR IS PIERCED AND THE HOLE EXTENDED, UNTIL IT CAN HOLD LARGE PIECES OF WOOD.



A MASAI WOMAN, SHOWING THE EXTRA-ORDINARY SIZE OF THE PIERCED LOBE OF THE EAR—THE RESULT OF MUCH TRAINING—AND A CURIOUS FORM OF EARRING.



FASHIONABLE WALKING-DRESS FOR THE BELLES OF BORNU, CENTRAL AFRICA: WOMEN OF THE KANURI TRIBE IN LONG-TRAINED DRESSES OF BLANKET-LIKE, BUT MUCH-ADMIRRED-FABRIC.



"PARIS" FASHIONS IN BORNU: WOMEN OF THE KANURI TRIBE IN LONG-TRAINED DRESSES.



"PARIS" FASHIONS IN BORNU: WOMEN OF THE KANURI TRIBE IN LONG-TRAINED DRESSES.

AUTUMN FASHIONS THAT WILL NOT BE SEEN EVEN ON THE SHADY SIDE OF BOND STREET.

The extraordinary extension of the lobe of the ear, deemed fashionable by certain natives of East Africa, is brought about by constant training. The ear is pierced, and the aperture is kept open by means of banana-leaves rolled together. By degrees these rolls expand; and eventually large round pieces of wood are substituted for them.

SMALL TALK



MISS MILLICENT GROSVENOR, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. HENRY DIGBY WALLIS.

Photograph by Downey.

hood; and Katherine, Duchess of Westminster, who is, absurd as it sounds, her step-grandmother, has introduced her to Society. She is still very young—only eighteen; and her fiancé, who is the eldest son of Mr. Henry Beaumont Wallis, of Drishane Castle, County Cork, is only a few years older.

The Vanderbilt Engagement.

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt's engagement to Count Szechenyi, a good-looking young Hungarian diplomatist, has been received with all the respectful interest due to such an event in the life of a young lady who is said to be the richest heiress in America. Miss Gladys, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, came of age last August, and her "money to burn" is variously estimated, the most probable figure being from two-and-a-half to three millions sterling, not dollars. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her daughter secured last year a delightful old house in Paris, in the Rue de Varennes, near the Invalides, and there they have done a good deal of entertaining. Miss Gladys, whose remarkably sweet voice was trained by Jean de Reszke, has also gone in for painting at one of the famous studios in the Quartier Latin. The Vanderbilts are a very united family, and though old Mr. Cornelius decidedly favoured his younger children in preference to his eldest, Cornelius junior, whom he cut off with a pittance of £300,000, that seemed to make no difference to the affectionate intimacy of the brother and sisters. Cornelius junior, indeed, is said to have been given a large sum by the others in order to equalise matters. Miss Gladys is fair and rather tall, with that dignified carriage we have learned to associate with Americans of the best *ton*. She is also very intelligent, and though she is marrying a foreign nobleman (in spite of the

THE engagement of Miss Millicent Grosvenor to Mr. Henry Digby Wallis, of the Scots Guards, is a highly interesting affair, for the bride is the elder daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's uncle. Miss Grosvenor lost her mother, who was a kinswoman of the venerable and energetic Lord Wemyss, in her childhood;

pleadings of her country's newspapers!), evidently he is a serious, hard-working man, for he has already obtained promotion in his profession.

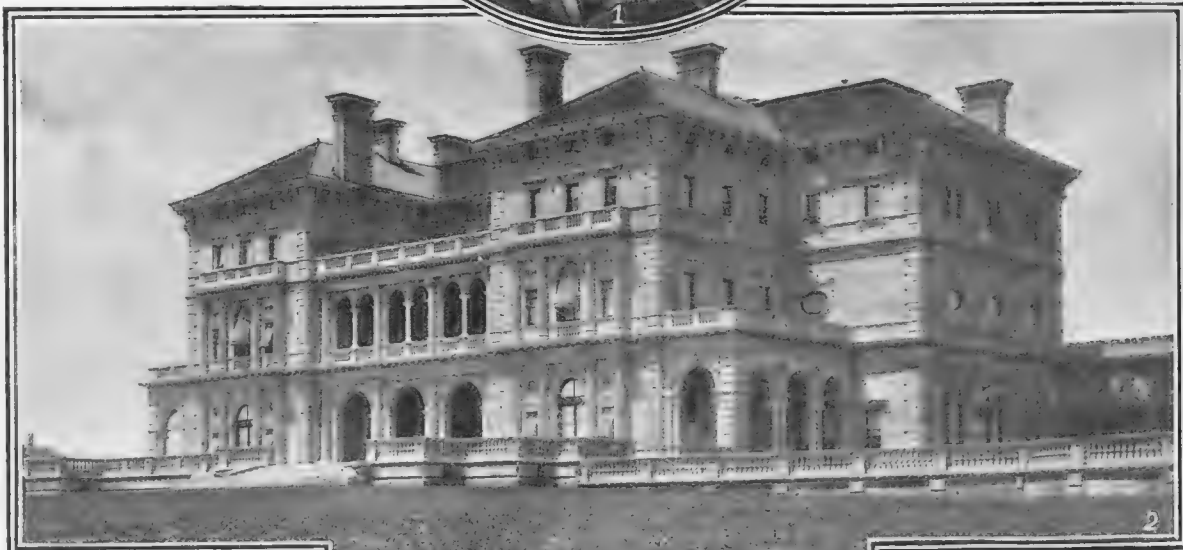
Autumn Art in Paris.

The Paris Autumn Salon, if it does anything at all, convinces us of the hopelessness of modern impressionist art. "I am perfectly certain that is an automobile," says the visitor before one of the most eccentric canvases. "Not at all," remarks his companion; "it is clearly a frog's tea-party." Wonderful indeed are the notions of these young men in paint; their human beings look like seals, their landscapes like Turkey carpets with the colours run together. Nevertheless, Spenlove-Spenlove and Lavery do not disdain to show in the midst of autumnal madness, and is there not Mme. Berthe Morisot as the exemplar of all good impressionists? But there is strife and dissension in the autumn camp.



MR. HENRY DIGBY WALLIS, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS MILLICENT GROSVENOR.

Photograph by Downey.



1. MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT (WHO IS TO MARRY COUNT LASZLO SZECHENYI), AND HER MOTHER, MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

2. THE HOUSE FROM WHICH MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT IS LIKELY TO BE MARRIED: THE BREAKERS, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

3. THE HUNGARIAN COUNT WHO IS TO MARRY MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT: COUNT LASZLO SZECHENYI.

Photograph No. 1 by Illustrations Bureau No. 2 by Alman and Co.

Salon had need of unity to repel the attacks of the Philistines.

The Triumph of Thomas.

The family of Fiennes, of which the new Lord Saye and Sele now becomes, through the death of his father, the head, has had its romances, like the rest of our old houses. Some of the ladies have displayed spirit and unconventionality which would shock those of to-day who plead that love's young dream has nothing to do with it, but that all marriages should be arranged by unemotional opponents of Cupid. A very free and independent soul was Christine, Lady Saye and Sele of a former generation. Thrice she answered "I will" in answer to the voice of the charmer. "Father," she said one day at dinner, "Father, I'm married." "Well, my dear, you might at least wait until Thomas has left the room before making the announcement," said her astonished sire—for this was her first venture. "No, father," she answered, "Thomas need not leave the room, for Thomas is the man I've married."

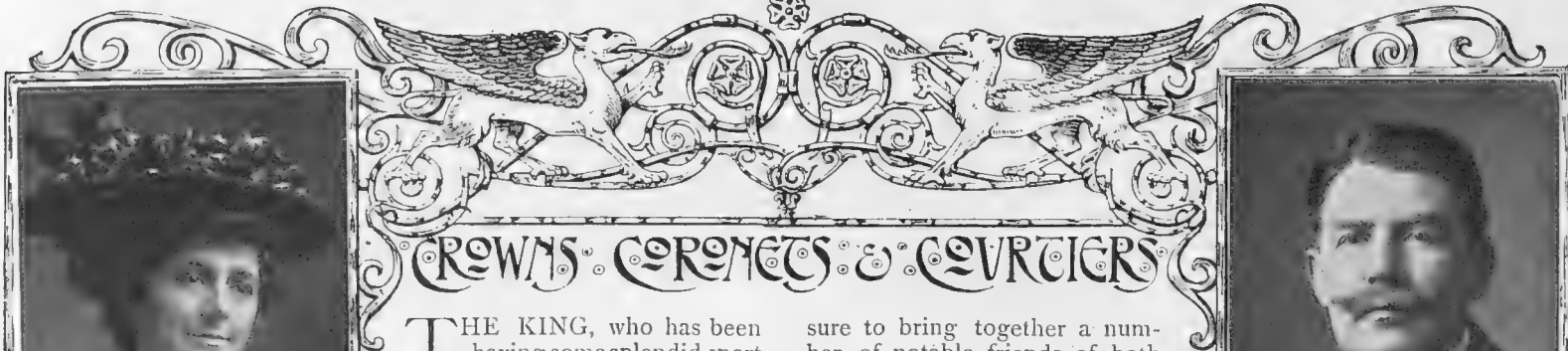
THE WHITE WOMAN BLACK MAN.



MISS CLARA ALEXANDER TAKES A WALK DOWN REGENT STREET IN THE GUISE OF A
DARKIE GENNLEMAN.

A few days ago Miss Clara Alexander, well known by her impersonations of the Southern States of America "darkie," took a walk down Regent Street in the costume and "make-up" shown. Some two months ago Miss Alexander was appearing at a drawing-room entertainment, and a wager arose between two members of the audience as to whether a woman dressed as the performer was dressed at the moment could walk through the streets without being detected. As a result, Miss Alexander took the promenade already mentioned, walking from Oxford Circus down Regent Street. Her appearance gave several small boys cause for amusement, but otherwise no one took much notice of the dusky stranger.

Setting by "The Sketch" from a photograph of Regent Street by the London Stereoscopic Company; photograph of Miss Alexander by Campbell-Gray.



THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY, WHO IS ENTERTAINING A PARTY TO CELEBRATE LORD CLIFTON'S MAJORITY.

Photograph by Dickinson.

long year since we had a Prince of that name. On the Continent, of course, the name Rupprecht is fairly common, especially in the royal house of Bavaria.

*The King's
Newest A.D.C.*

Lord Harrington, the King's newest Aide-de-Camp, is, taking one thing with another, perhaps the most active man of his years (he is now sixty-three) belonging to the Upper House. Not so very long after a bad hunting accident, which might have ended in most men of his age becoming bed-ridden, he was winning the bending race in the Hurlingham Gymkhana. What Lord Harrington doesn't know about polo is not worth knowing, and it has been said that the Polo Pony Stud-book, edited by him, is the most popular work of reference in India. The owner of Elvaston Castle is a great believer in home industries, and most Londoners are familiar with the quaint little fruit-shop established by him some years ago at Charing Cross, of which all the produce comes from his Derbyshire seat. Sportsmen have reason to be grateful to the Master of the Harrington Hunt, for some time ago he invented a kind of catch

THE KING, who has been having some splendid sport among the deer in Scotland, took a very great interest in the christening of his latest little kinsman, the infant Prince Rupert of Teck. Though his Majesty was not one of the sponsors, nevertheless he joined Queen Alexandra, who was the principal godmother, in sending a handsome christening gift. It is most interesting that the child is called Prince Rupert, for it is many a

sure to bring together a number of notable friends of both families, for the bridegroom also bears a name of undoubted distinction. He is Major Richard Pulteney Pulteney, of the 4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and is the only son of Major R. M. and Mrs. Pulteney, who have their home at flower-embowered Nice, in the Boulevard Victor Hugo.

*An Interesting
Majority.*

All good cricketers, men of Kent and Kentish men, and eke Australians, will combine to toast Lord Clifton of Rathmore on his coming of age. For he is the son and heir of that excellent cricketer, Lord Darnley, who, however, played his cricket as the Hon. Ivo Bligh, before he succeeded his brother in the title. Cricket, too, brought him his charming Countess, for it was, so they say, on the Melbourne ground that Mr. Bligh severely injured his finger, and Miss Florence Rose Morphy, of Beechworth, Victoria, rendered "first aid" there and then, and was afterwards prevailed upon to become Mrs. Bligh. Lord Clifton was at Eton—all the Blighs go to Eton—and is now at King's, Cambridge. Though he is still a bachelor, yet he, oddly enough, shares his title with a Lady Clifton. This is his first-cousin, little Lady Clifton of Leighton Bromswold, a Peeress in her own right, who will be eight next January.

A Paget Wedding. It is always said that when anything important happens

to a Paget, fully half of Society feels a sympathetic thrill. What will Society feel now that there is to be a wedding between two members of this distinguished clan? Miss Leila Paget, who is engaged to her cousin, Mr. Ralph Paget, the British Minister to Siam, is the only daughter of General Sir Arthur and Lady Paget, who are old friends of the King and Queen. Lady Paget, née Miss Paran Stevens, occupies a prominent place among those Americans of beauty and charm who have married into the English nobility. Her daughter, who is both literary and also an "out-door" girl, has herself been much in America. She is tall, like her father, and, as she inherits the social gifts of both her parents, she should be an ideal wife for a diplomatist of such promise as is her fiancé.



THE ELDEST SON OF LORD DARNLEY, WHO CAME OF AGE ON FRIDAY LAST: LORD CLIFTON OF RATHMORE.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MISS VIOLET BLYTH, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR RICHARD PULTENEY PULTENEY.

Photograph by Keturah Collins.

*Miss Blyth's
Wedding.*

The wedding of an only child always possesses a peculiar interest; and this is the case with that of Miss Violet Blyth, who is the only child of Mr. Carlton Blyth and the late Mrs. Blyth, of Berkeley Street, Piccadilly. The marriage, which is to take place in November, is



MISS LEILA PAGET, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. RALPH PAGET, BRITISH MINISTER TO SIAM.

Photograph by Langflier.

TRICKS BY THE DIABLE OF DIABOLISTS:

FREAK PLAY BY MARCEL MEUNIER.



THE 12-YEAR-OLD CHAMPION EXHIBITS SOME OF HIS FEATS FOR THE BENEFIT OF "SKETCH" READERS.

Marcel Meunier is now giving an example of his skill at the Holborn Empire. Some of his best tricks are here illustrated. He can throw the diabolo and catch it again sixty-five times in a minute.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Lopicat Press.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Coo and the Police-Trap.

We have the word of the Hon. Herbert Coleridge that all motorists, with himself, transgress the law as to speed, but when held up by the police, swear that they have not done any such thing. If this be so, there must have been a blessed day for motorists recently at Harrogate, when they all went snorting through a trap, and never heard a challenge. Not complaisance on the part of the police gave them free way. Those at the end of the measured mile lay waiting for signals from the man at the beginning of the distance, but never signal came. Perhaps, thought they, their confrère was sleeping, perhaps hunting, perhaps doing anything but that which he should be doing. Presently the inspector rode over the course. "What on earth are you at? What's the meaning of all these cars coming through at excessive speed without your signalling them?" he demanded. "Not signal them? Why, I've been pressing that bell for all I'm worth, Sir," protested his subordinate. Then it must be the wire. "An enemy hath done this," quoth the inspector, as he set out to explore. It was not difficult to find the fault. A grazing cow had taken a grip of the wire with a bite of grass, and now—jaws, horns, and hoofs—was involved inextricably in it.

The Compleat Traveller.

Colonel Capper, who has been doing wonders in the Army air-ship, declares aerial flight the finest form of travelling. "It is better than the motor," he says, "for there is neither dust nor speed-limit in the air." Veterans will declare that the standard of comparison is all wrong; that for methods of progression better than the air-ship we should look to something with a horse or two sticking out at the end. You won't get the Judges to go on circuit by air-ship; they have even declared against the motor, loyally upholding the claims of the old-time coach. How they must sigh for the days of Chief Baron Pollock. He did know how to travel. It would take a Scott to do justice to his progresses, with his amply provisioned landaulet, and rumble behind for the clerks; with the sword for the highwayman, with the pockets well stored with literature, with the Morella cherry pasties and the bottles of choice wine to make long journeys short. Only one traveller of recent times fared forth better provided. That was Dean Buckland. He, on his geological expeditions, travelled in a monster carriage built for weight-carrying, and fitted in front with a furnace and implements for assays and analysis.

First-Hand Information.

The Japanese will not have had to rely upon American newspapers or on our own for details of the squadron which this week sets sail for the Pacific. They can hide themselves, and know all about the other people in time of war, as Admiral Rodjestvensky has reason to

remember. Moreover, they have a way of getting to know things which come nearer home. When Lord Elgin in his warship, the first from Britain that the Japanese had ever seen, drew into Nagasaki, a port official looked up from the book he was reading on a boat, and signalled with his fan for the monster craft to stop. She did not; she went on. The gentleman went on reading. Not so his fellows. A pair of boats dashed after the big craft, and were navigated with infinite skill in the wash from her paddle-wheels. A zealous observer stood up in one of the boats, and, peering into the port-holes, shouted out an inventory to shorthand writers in the boats. It was a quite successful reconnaissance. Lord Elgin found that the observer had missed only one gun of the entire armament.

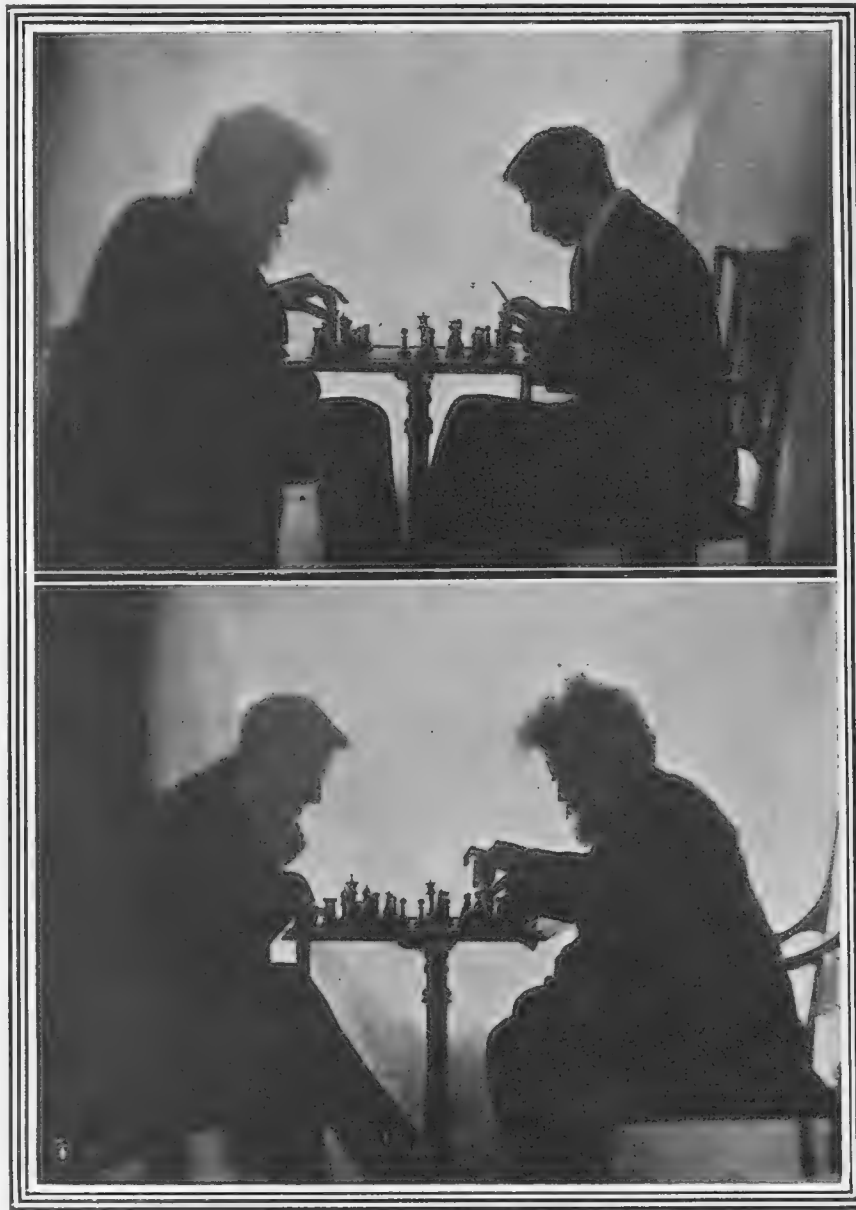
Mauled.

Such a flood of stories of the late Justice Hawkins—as we shall all call him again now that he is no more—has been let loose that there is no necessity to invest him with credit for other men's jests. One London daily makes him figure in the following incident. The jury had found a prisoner at the bar guilty of murder. The man was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. "May God strike me dead, my Lord, if I did it!" exclaimed the unhappy wretch. For a few moments the Judge waited, and then said, "As Providence has not seen fit to intervene, the sentence of the Court is—" and then followed sentence of death. Hawkins was a hanging Judge, when the guilt of a prisoner was established; but he could not for the life of him have done and said that. Only one man of modern Judges could. It was Justice Maule—Maule, the brilliant, the subtle, the sardonic, whose judgments are full of satire; whose irony was taken for sincerity by a jury, to the infinite profit of a burglar whom he meant them to convict; whose judgment of twenty

lines brought into existence the Divorce Act; who was the only man of whom the omniscient Brougham was afraid.

Lured by Lady Nicotine.

A new line of defence is, it seems, to be taken when the Thaw case comes on again for trial. Not the unwritten law, but temporary irresponsibility, is to be pleaded. Now that the question as to whether or not smoking can kill a man by nicotine-poisoning is to the fore, it is remarkable that the astute American lawyers do not risk a little on that plea for Thaw. For he had the tobacco craze in bad form not long before he killed his victim. He wanted a package of a certain brand of cigarettes. They could not be got at the moment in his native Pittsburg. He chartered a special train for New York, but could not get them there. He took passage to Europe, and obtained them in Paris, at a total cost, from start to finish, of £250. That, at any rate, is a story told of him in one of the American magazines.



A GAME OF CHESS: CHECKMATE IN SHADOW.

AND THE STORMY WINDS DID BLOW.



SHE: Which would you rather go to to-night, Jack—the concert or the temperance meeting?
JACK: Well, that's a feeble choice for a sailor—a squall or a water-spout.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THAT the kindest thoughts are sometimes productive of disastrous results is proved by an incident which is told by Mr. Lennox Pawle, who has made so pleasant a success at Daly's Theatre. About a year ago he was stopping at a country house on the West Coast. As the evenings hung heavily on the hands of the visitors, they determined one evening to drive over to the county town and go to the little theatre to see a melodrama performed by a "fit-up" company. To Mr. Lennox Pawle's astonishment, the leading part was played by a lady whose name had been one to conjure with in London ten years or so before. She was but a ghost of her former self, playing with but little of the fire that had once distinguished her; but there was no mistaking her features or her voice. In a spirit of kindness Mr. Lennox Pawle next day sent her a bunch of flowers, with the words "From an Old Admirer" on a card. A couple of nights later, when the bill was changed, the party drove over again to see the same company. The leading lady was not acting, and Mr. Pawle sought out the manager and asked what was the reason. After a little hesitation, the man, who was rather a rough sort of character, and ignored, if he was not ignorant of, the aspirate, said, "Well, the other day some expletive fool sent her a bouquet with 'Old Times' or something of the sort on it. They tell me she used to 'ave a big name in London, and she wasn't 'alf bad in the part the other night. That bouquet finished her. She went on the loose, and I've 'ad to sack 'er. Expletive him, whoever he was!" In that final expression Mr. Pawle cordially, if silently, acquiesced.

To be suspended from acting because of a success is an unusual experience for an actress, yet it once befell Miss Maud Hoffman, who is playing at the Haymarket. She made a great hit in Washington as Grace Harkaway in "London Assurance." A night or two later "The School for Scandal" was revived, and she was playing Maria when some people in a box threw a beautiful bunch of roses on to the stage at the end of the act in which all the characters had been taking part in the minuet. The leading man picked it up, and presented it to the Lady Teazle, who received it in the usual gracious way. The actress, however, discovered from the envelope attached to the flowers that they were intended for Miss Hoffman, and they were accordingly sent to her. Later in the evening, as Miss Hoffman went on the stage the manager met her, and asked if she did not know the rule in his company which forbade actresses to receive flowers across the footlights. She replied that she did not, but, in any

case, she was not responsible, as she did not even know the people who had sent them to her. In spite of that assurance, however, the manager gave Miss Hoffman's parts to other actresses, and though she remained with him for some four months and reported every evening for duty, she was not once allowed to play.

As one of the greatest "draws" in the theatrical world, Mr. Albert Chevalier can afford to tell a story against himself. It happened when he was touring with his inimitable entertainment. The stage-door keeper of one of the theatres in the town went to Mr. Chevalier's brother, Mr. Ingle, with a request for a couple of seats for that evening's performance. "With pleasure," was the reply. "But I don't want 'em for myself," the man explained. "I've seed 'im. It's the missus that wants 'em. Like all the women, she just wants to say she's seed 'im." "That'll be all right," replied Mr. Ingle. "You send her along, and I'll see that she has good seats." "Thank you, Sir," replied the man. He drew a step nearer, put his hand up to his mouth, and whispered confidentially, "Don't worry about the places. Put 'er anywhere, but put 'er near the door, so that she can get out easy in case she don't like 'im."

Mr. Frederick Burton, the fine character-actor who plays the leading part in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has just had the opportunity of demonstrating that so strongly marked a type as Hiram, which has been declared to be typically American, is not so very un-English after all. In order to have some picture postcards made of Mr. Stubbins, Mr. Burton "made up" and dressed for the part at the theatre, and had a four-wheeler called to go to the photographer's studio, which was not far away. The cabman seeming suspicious at his would-be fare's appearance, the actor paid in advance. At the studio he mentioned the circum-

stance to the photographer. Thereupon a discussion arose as to whether Mr. Stubbins was a local or a universal type. Mr. Burton contended that he was a familiar figure even in the streets of London, and to prove this he agreed to dismiss the cab and return to the theatre on foot. He did so, assuming the shambling gait of the character, while the photographer followed to see the crowd which he declared would be certain to gather and walk behind the actor. In that he was disappointed, for Mr. Burton reached the theatre without exciting the curiosity of a single one of the many people he passed, thus proving his point, and incidentally directing attention to the delicacy and skill with which he makes up for the stage.



MR. HOOK OF HOLLAND, MRS. HOOK, AND THE LITTLE HOOK;
MR. AND MRS. G. P. HUNTLEY AND THEIR SON.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntley are both playing in "Miss Hook of Holland." Mr. Huntley is, of course, the Mr. Hook; Mrs. Huntley (Miss Eva Kelly) is the Gretchen.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

PRESENCE OF MIND!



V.—BAFFLING AN INFURIATED RANSOM-SEEKER.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE lot of him who writes of living lions is not always a happy one. He sometimes gets a nasty nip from the noble beast he approaches to fondle. Of the large and flattering (as we had taken it to be) study of Mr. Walter Crane's career by Mr. P. G. Konody, the artist now writes in his "Reminiscences" that he—

... was rather aghast to find so many mistakes which I could have easily corrected. For a book of the kind, too, which no one would be likely to purchase who was not in sympathy with one's work, Mr. Konody seemed rather too anxious to pose as a critic; but his critical remarks seem hardly in agreement, and contradict much of his appreciation. . . . I certainly think a critic is going beyond his province when he ventures to contradict the artist he is supposed to be explaining, and traverses his subject's own statement of his aims and methods, in effect instructing the artist how he ought to have done his own work. I fear there is no other word for this but impertinence.

But let Mr. Konody be not too downcast! For Mr. Crane strangely misapplies the term "cheeky" to a charming letter of Stevenson's—it makes the nicest and most amiable page of all these Reminiscences. The author of "An Inland Voyage" writes thus to Mr. Crane, who was to make his frontispiece—

Mr. Paul is in dismay. It appears that there is a tide in the affairs of publishers which has the narrowest moment of flood conceivable; a week here, and a book is made or lost; and now, as I write to you, is the very nick of time, the publisher's high noon. I should deceive you if I were to pretend I had no more than a generous interest in the appeal. For, should the public prove gullible to a proper degree, and one thousand copies net, counting thirteen to the dozen, disappear into its capacious circulating libraries, I should begin to perceive a royalty which visibly affects me as I write. I fear you will think me rude, and I do mean to be importunate. The sooner you can get the frontispiece for us the better the book: will swim, if swim it does.

This is what Mr. Crane thinks a little "cheeky." Or does the offence lie with the pleasant postscripts? They run thus—

My mother (a good judge) says this is obscure and affected. What I mean is, couldn't you get that frontispiece sooner?—R. L. S.

And the second postscript is—

My mother says that the last is impolite. Couldn't you, as a *favour*, get the frontispiece sooner?—R. L. S.

It was a great association for Mr. Crane—this supplying of a frontispiece to both the "Inland Voyage" and the "Journey with a Donkey." But he does not seem to know it, any more than Modestine herself knew her luck in her immortalising master.

The English home has not, after all, to thank Miss Elizabeth Robins for the elegant extract—"Damphino." Mr. Henry Burton Page tells us he has heard the expression frequently used in America by men of the lower classes, and it was not infrequently employed in publications of a certain type, but then it was spelt "Damphino." Moreover, the editor of a literary publication

assured him that he had seen the word (again spelt "Damphino") in a book printed in the eighteenth century, before the American War of Independence—a book (would you believe it?) by Thomas Paine. The author of the "Rights of Man" is convicted. All the same, it is Miss Robins, in her widely read novel, who has made the word one of the rights of women and children.

Is it still possible to make a fortune out of a single publication? The answer depends, in part, on the definition of the term "fortune." But if you are modest enough so to describe a sum of £20,000, that is the amount which Messrs. Macmillan are popularly reputed in the publishing world to have netted out of Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. An equal luck seems likely to attend Mr. Murray as publisher of *Queen Victoria's Letters*. It is still an established fact that biography and history make better business in Bedford or Albemarle Streets than fiction or (Byron being dead) than poetry.

It is a little coincidence that *Macmillan's Magazine* and one of its former editors should die almost together. Professor David Masson lived just long enough to read the announcement of the approaching dissolution of this former child of his brain and his heart. For he was at once an able editor and a kind. He loved to accept, and he hated to reject; but his letters of rejection were sometimes more agreeable than other people's letters of acceptance. *Cornhill* is now almost the last left of the shilling budgets of literature that marked for our youth the passage of the months. The development of daily journalism has made the difference; and it seems impossible now, at the graveside of *Macmillan's*, to think of another shilling monthly magazine that will print, as this did, an article to call forth another Newman's "Apologia"; or will even set a-going every pen in the country,

as Mrs. Beecher Stowe did by her famous *Macmillan* article on the separation of Lord and Lady Byron. And one does not somehow expect to repeat in a magazine nowadays the delight afforded to us as readers of an old *Macmillan* when we opened its pages on the "Betsy Lee" of T. E. Brown.

Lafcadio Hearn used to lecture to the Japanese on Meredith, Rossetti, Swinburne, and FitzGerald; and he tried, not quite successfully, to persuade himself that these poets made an impression on the Oriental mind. From some new notes of his in the *Albany Review* we learn that he was a little cross with Mr. Gosse for hinting that Rudyard Kipling was deficient in style. With the Boer War, which he thought "hideously unjust," he had a quarrel of his own with Kipling, and Swinburne too, for having "sinned against justice." Even so, when he read Kipling's war poem, he "could not fail to sympathise with that splendid call for help." M. E.



THE AUTHOR: I wish you wouldn't put gags into the piece. Why don't you speak my lines and wait for the laughs?

THE ACTOR: My last train goes at midnight!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

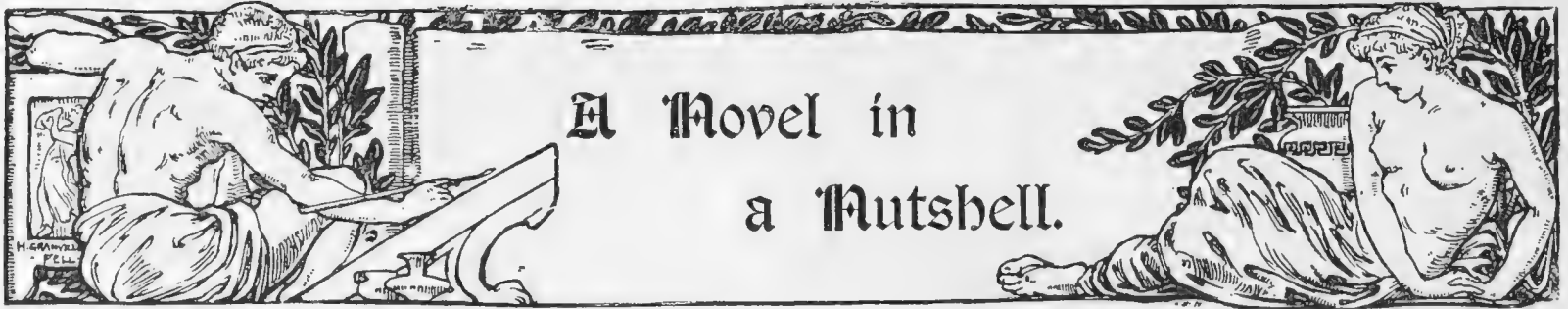
COMPLIMENTING FROM HAND TO MOUTH!



THE COQUETTE: Really, Mr. Bagg, I was so dreadfully bored that I simply *had* to yawn; but, of course, I hid my mouth with my hand.

MR. BAGG: No! You don't mean to say that such a dear, sweet, tiny little hand could hide such a—er such a great—that is, of course—lovely weather, isn't it?

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE MAN WHO BEAT THE CITY.

BY HERBERT SHAW.

NO man should have a philosophy till he is over thirty, has been dead broke twice, and dead lonely for three years at the least. A man who lives with his people, leaves them to marry into a blameless suburban family, and receives a cheque from his father as a wedding present, has never any right to a philosophy at all. You cannot know anything about the maze unless you have been through at least a section of it.

In the philosophy of Arthur Tregaskis there was no room for anything but to send out five hundred pages of printed matter to the world or to see his name on a playbill below the headline—"zooth performance." Because of this—because in his being there was only the desire to beat the city—the gods looked down upon the ranks of the waiting women, and appointed two for his especial benefit.

The first was Rachel. She had dark and splendid hair.

Tregaskis was very foolish, because a playbill, even with "zooth performance" on it, would be a very stupid thing to kiss. (And, even when you do get the city to applaud, some learned ferret is certain to write to the papers and call you plagiarist, digging up for the purpose a century-old French play.) He was of the attic folk who live in Bloomsbury and never have any money, struggling in the waves of things, looking forward to the breaker of next Wednesday, when, by inexorable calculation, the last received cheque shall be quite spent.

Rachel's appointment was for this period of the lonely years. Tregaskis was so very young that he did not even know he was lonely.

He was dream-fed, and book-fed, and in consequence suffered from myopia of the mind. His outlook was awry. The Woman would come with eyes like stars, and parted lips. . . . There would be a jewel in her hair, and Tregaskis would say that they had been searching for one another in all the years before. Indeed, this beautiful conversation was already in his mind against the time of their first meeting.

So Rachel did not see him very often, because she knew these things, and because he imagined that she bored him. If it had not been ordained for her that she should help her mother in the management of a boarding-house she would have been an actress.

She was Irish and proud, and there was an idea about her lips which was far more precious than any dream of a flower-like lady with a jewel in her hair. Her ideal she kept for her own room by night, along with her tears and her prayers. Sometimes she really dared to think of it surreptitiously and afraid. Her prayers were for Tregaskis, who tormented her with the endless telling of his dreams. If he could have known how much he hurt her in these days he would have asked, as a favour, to step straight into hell and be done with it.

And though it hurt her so much, and there would never be anything but his young blindness and her pain, she contrived to hear Tregaskis on women again and again.

"I like them all. They're all sweet and kind, and they mean well; but they only cause trouble."

"Always?"

"Ah, well . . ." said the philosopher, meaning nothing except his vast, unconscious ignorance.

He thought of another road for his infinite, wise words.

"Go on," said Rachel, "I'm listening."

"They're so queer." (Consider this wonderful discovery and its novelty! Somewhere, very far away, one of the gods who had appointed Rachel as the first laughed softly, hiding his face behind his monstrous hand in order not to shake the city.) "You say something to a woman, and she goes away and turns it over till she makes it something quite different. You daren't tell a woman your real thoughts."

"Don't you tell them to me?"

"Not all." Tregaskis smiled wisely, full with the knowledge of secret dreams withheld. "But with a man, when you know him, you can speak just as you like without fear of hurting."

He picked a photograph from the mantelpiece.

"That's George Kenny—ever seen him play? He earns pots of money, and I'm not worth a sou; but when I met him, in an hour we were talking as if we had known one another all our lives. It's just that he's one of our tribe. We went all over the place together for months—just lay on the hills and yarned about everything. You couldn't do that with a woman."

"It would spoil your frock," said Rachel, wise in her way.

"We're all a big tribe. One or two of us here and there, over all the earth. . . . We wander about, restless and eager; we scribble and paint and dream. It's all desperate work, and very little profit. We're sick of the rot that is painted and written and done by the ordinary crowd. . . . And sometimes, more by a fluke than anything, one of us makes the city stop for a minute (her soul stirred, against her will almost), and acknowledge that the thing done is good, and different, and altogether by itself. And I'll beat the city!" cried Tregaskis. "I'll do it with a play—and Kenny'll walk in one day and say—'That's a great thing of yours, my son. I'm glad you've beat them at last.'"

"What will you do then?"

"Write another play, of course, or another book—something else to wake them up again."

"You'll be quite rich."

"Might be," Tregaskis admitted. "You never know. If we ever get really rich, Kenny and I are going to build four big houses in the four corners of the earth for the men of our tribe. Places where they can come and go just as they like, and yarn over the fires. Houses for the wandering men—they'd just come there when they were tired, and stay till they wanted to be off again. All the best things ever done would be born in our four houses, in time. It's a lovely idea."

"Your tribe wouldn't want us useless women at all, then?"

"Well, you see," said Tregaskis, "they'd spoil it. They'd upset things so much."

"I think you like your books and your old tribe better than anything else in the world. But you don't mind putting up with me now and then, do you? I mean," stumbled Rachel, "we're friends, aren't we?"

"Of course," said Tregaskis.

"Chums," protested Rachel. "You've known me a long time, you know," she added.

"Yes; it means the same."

"It's slang, but I like the word pals best." Rachel was fighting desperately for concessions.

"I don't care much for it," said Tregaskis. "It's a bit vulgar, and, besides, you'd never call a girl a pal. You might meet a fellow you hadn't seen for some time and say, 'Hallo, old pal!' But you'd never say it to a girl."

"Wouldn't you?" Rachel spoke sorrowfully. "I like it though, all the same."

In a later stage of proving his philosophy perfect, Tregaskis said, "Look here. Now, if a girl had a row with a fellow, she wouldn't come round to make it up. She'd think she was giving herself away: she'd wait for the fellow to write and say he was sorry, and all that sort of thing. She wouldn't come round and say, 'I think I was very silly the other day. Let's be sensible.' Would she?"

"Certainly not," said Rachel, standing for her sex.

"Of course not." Tregaskis, triumphant, registered a note for the play. "Well, if two fellows quarrelled, one of them would be round pretty quick. 'I was no end of a fool last time I saw you,' he'd say; and they would go out and get a drink."

"Are you quite certain?" asked Rachel.

"Two of the tribe would, anyway," said Tregaskis finally.

Tregaskis wrote a story, and a nice girl in it was called Rachel. It was simply because no other name had occurred to him; but Rachel read it in her room alone.

[Continued overleaf.]

SAMSON AGONISTES.



THE LONG-HAIRED STRANGER: You know I bought six bottles of hair-restorer yesterday?

THE CHEMIST: Yes, Sir.

THE LONG-HAIRED STRANGER: Well, I want to know if you'll buy back five of them.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

Tregaskis wrote several stories, and his portrait appeared in the magazine that published them; and it happened that he was invited down to a big country house in Surrey. He left his stuffy rooms with misgiving, but the atmosphere of a beautiful garden, and wide, fine rooms, and people listening to him (a young and coming writer) made him forget the incessant fighting of the city, drugging him till he was already the great man of to-morrow.

Again he saw the play-bill of the two hundredth performance. He wrote to Rachel, who imagined him surrounded by Duchesses and other allurements.

The second appointed by the gods turned out to be the lady with the eyes like stars. She came on the third day. She was something to do with an Earl's family (what will the tribe say, Tregaskis?), although I forget the exact label, and even her name was a verse-beginning—Sybil Edith Lisle-Traquair.

No need to describe her further, because she was the lady with the eyes like stars; she carried herself straightly and looked fine in cool white, hatless, standing in the sun. Great hours of spreading out the dreams again, of excursions along wood-paths, barred with sun and shadow, of hearing a violin talk in the evenings under her cunning hand. Everything about her aided her picture, made it white and rose and soft. There was no touch of the grey city in her clear eyes, untroubled by any struggle. The gift of living easily had been hers.

A night came when her violin swung him to vast heights of power and work achieved. She laid it down, and in an unnoticed corner he told her of the play.

"Write it," she said, and her voice locked the casket of his glorious dream with a golden key. Both of them understood perfectly. It was the lady's command, sending her knight as of old, promising great rewards.

Knowing so much of women, and because they were friends, Tregaskis told Rachel all about it. She was interested till she had wheedled her name from him, and then was silent.

"I'll see you next week," said Tregaskis.

"Yes," lied Rachel, and did not come.

For she knew that really he had broken utterly with her, because of her whose very name was a verse-beginning—Sybil Edith Lisle-Traquair. And Tregaskis was busy with the play that should beat the city.

It would have been a very short play, but he put into it not only what he knew about women, but what he did not know. There were good things in the play though, and by a miracle a manager accepted it.

Tregaskis wrote to Sybil directly he had finished it; she sent a charming letter in reply. It was not till it had been taken up that he thought of sending a note to Rachel. Thereafter she looked daily for the coming of the great play, but she did not answer his letter. It confirmed his knowledge of women.

Then, tired out of the city, he got on an old tramp steamer in Deptford Buys that traded with Odessa for grain, and with other ports for general cargo, to return in time for the play's production. He would come back, and, armoured with success, seek the lady with the eyes like stars. His thoughts through many idle days were just flowers of tribute for their triumphal way together.

The play was a failure. The critics next day made it a dead failure. In his old rooms Tregaskis sat all

day with the papers, under the wheel of the slow hours. It was a gloomy day of rain, and it was a cruel and gradual business—this forcing himself to accept the knowledge of failure, and sign it in his mind.

He looked from the windows at the closed house opposite. It had been the same for months before he had left London. It leered at him through the veil of a winter's day; and he wondered for the thousandth time if anybody would ever come to clean it, and draw up the dirty blinds. London in rain! What had Borthwick called her?

"An old and grieving Amazon, with her hair unbound."

He went back to the papers. One or two might differ from the others; perhaps he had not read them carefully enough. He found no difference. But somewhere, very far away, the god whose duty it is to be present at any crisis watched him serenely as he found, in a personal column, the engagement of a labelled man to Sybil Edith Lisle-Traquair, only daughter of—

The rain tumbled through the gigantic hours that wrapped a room in Bloomsbury, while a philosopher fought for courage.

In his philosophy there had been no road arranged for things, should failure come upon all.

The lamp was lit at last, because there was no hold on things in the dark. When it was lit he did not like it. It glared like a yellow mask. He turned it out. His nerves stirred with the change, and he lit it again quickly.

Sybil Edith Lisle-Traquair! The beginning of clearness came, and he knew that it was glamour. He had never known her. He had been fascinated by the way she looked, the way she spoke, the pleasant, easy things for which she stood—money without labour or struggle of the brain. He had been drunk with the glamour of her difference from the striving world he knew.

Why, he had never known any woman. Oh, yes, he had known Rachel; he saw now how well he knew her. How he must have hurt her by his foolish dreaming, his talking about the other woman! He knew her, sure enough. It only proved him right about women. They wanted invitations, approaches

to satisfy their dignity. Kenny would have known the state he was in, and have come along at once. But Kenny was in America.

How to beat the city—she was to be beaten yet. Was there not a way by caring nothing for her, by steadily working... and seeing a woman smile? But Rachel was lost, by his own grievous fault. She had fallen away—as the other...

It was bitter lonely, and London rolled greyly with a great noise, and the paraders of her religion of the night went to their work shadow-like along the damp pavements. The mail-vans clattering to Mount Pleasant hammered on his brain, and the thought of her—London the slayer, London the loved, the desired and unresponsive—hurt him above the eyes.

A new sound came above the traffic outside... a new feeling. He looked up from the land of the lamp, and beyond the light he saw Rachel—Rachel, the brave woman, come lest she might be needed in time of trouble. In the outer dark of the room her eyes were surely stars. And the words that the god of the crisis sent to Tregaskis, holding out his hands, were slang words, vulgar words, but perfect and unblind truth—

"Hallo, old pal!"

THE END.



MACPHERSON: That whusky's no bad. It's seven years old!

SANDY (eyeing the "wee drappie" in the glass): Eh, but it's precious sma' for its age!

DRAWN BY C. LANE VICARY.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE news that the Duke of Argyll is writing his Memoirs, and that they will probably see the light some time this year, is of considerable interest. His Grace has surveyed life both from the point of view of royalty and that of an important commoner, for he was already a middle-aged man when he succeeded his father. His own artistic tastes have also brought him into connection with all sorts of interesting people, and he has held at least one great official position in Greater Britain. Those whom he numbers among his correspondents declare the Duke of Argyll to be a witty letter-writer, and they say that his literary work should not be judged by the Life of his august mother-in-law, published by him some years ago. The Duke has an excellent example set before him in the amusing volume of reminiscences published some time ago by his uncle—and one-time best man—Lord Ronald Gower. This book, without being in the least indiscreet, was full of intimate pictures of the great ones of the earth, including Queen Victoria, and was worthy of a wider popularity than it achieved. It is to be hoped that the Duke will be allowed to include in his forthcoming work some of the letters he has received from famous people, including the late Lord Beaconsfield, who had a high opinion of his general capacity.

The G. O. M.'s Pupil. The public service loses in Sir Edward Hamilton, the brilliant financial expert who retires at the end of the month from the Treasury,

far back as the time of Charles II. He certainly would have discovered it in the mouths of members of the present Ministry, and of the last. Gladstone defied anyone to find the mistake in the Bible, Shakespeare, Addison, Swift, Macaulay, Newman or Ruskin. The challenge, needless to say, was not accepted by Sir Edward Hamilton.



A MILLIONAIRE BULL-FIGHTER, SEÑOR SEGURA ACKNOWLEDGING THE APPLAUSE OF THE AUDIENCE IN THE BULL-RING AT MADRID. Señor Segura is a Mexican millionaire, and makes bull-fighting his hobby. He frequently takes the part of matador in the ring.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

one of the men whom Gladstone trained. He was private secretary to the statesman, and enjoyed his intimate confidence and friendship. A prodigious worker himself, Gladstone had only workers about him; a slug-gard could not live in the same atmosphere. He was the soul of kindness to them, but woe unto them if they erred! The severest half-hour Sir Edward had with him was probably that which came about as the result of his having marred a letter of the G.O.M.'s with a false genitive. He had written "me" for "my," or "him" for "his." Gladstone mildly read the Riot Act over the matter. The misuse of the genitive was a cardinal sin. He had traced the "vulgarism," he told Sir Edward, as

discreet—hence his wealth—than one of whom King Edward must cherish a lively recollection. His Majesty—Prince of Wales at the time—was lunching incog. one day at a restaurant in Rome, when, with his marvellous faculty for remembering faces—he never forgets one—he recognised in the proprietor a man who had served him as waiter elsewhere. He mentioned the matter to the proprietor. The latter was simply charmed. He had not the faintest notion as to the identity of his patron. "Well, I am delighted!" he exclaimed, and clapping the Prince on the back, added, "You're the only man that's put foot in here who remembers my being at Ostend!"

Actresses in Far Japan.

Sada Yacco is in Paris with her husband, Kawakami. Her idea is to found a conservatoire for women on the model of the French National Opera. Not so long ago a woman upon the stage in Japan was looked upon as an impious monstrosity, as something absolutely forbidden by all the traditions of Far Eastern drama. Clean-shaven men took feminine rôles, and spoke in falsetto voices. But Sada Yacco, breaking through these prejudices, came to Europe, where her triumph was instant and undisputed. Since that day the right of woman to become an actress has been acknowledged. To-day Sada Yacco is under the patronage of the Mikado; she is favoured by his Ambassador. The fact that she is about to found a Conservatoire, and for women, too, shows what giant strides civilisation and Western progress have made in the land of the golden chrysanthemum.

"Delighted!" The waiter turned café-proprietor who has just died in the West End, leaving quite a big fortune, seems to have been more reserved and



A SURGEON WHO WOULD CURE INSANITY BY OPERATING: DR. BERNARD HOLLANDER.

The Doctor, lecturing before the British Phrenological Society the other day, gave it as his opinion that insanity can be cured by a surgical operation. He cited the case of a boy of sixteen who was liar, thief, and bully, and grew more dangerous as his age increased. Dr. Hollander proposed the removal of a strip of bone from the centre line of the head down to the ears. The operation disclosed signs of an old hæmorrhage on the membranes of the brain. This was surgically treated, and the boy is now normal in every way.—[Photograph by H. Hamilton.]



DRIVEN FROM HIS BIBLE CLASS BY OVERMUCH PUBLICITY: MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JUN.

Mr. Rockefeller jun. has given up his Bible class at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, it is said because of the publicity thrust upon him by a section of the American Press. Writes a correspondent: "It was a private and unofficial Bible class at first, but gradually the New York Pressmen began attending it as regularly as the police-courts." It is said, also, that the journalists were not always strictly accurate in their reports, and were too fond of stating that Mr. Rockefeller did not invariably practise what he preached.

KEY-NOTES

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting performances in the first week of the autumn opera season were Maria Gay's Carmen and Rina Giachetti's Mimi. If it be possible, the treatment of the former part has gained in the past twelve months

at Madame Gay's hands. She invests it here and there with moments of extreme tenderness that were sometimes to seek last year, but she has not been led by the cries of the outraged comfortable classes to make any sacrifice to the truth as she, and incidentally Prosper Merimée, conceived it. One may look through the whole range of great operatic creations to find one that will vie successfully with Maria Gay's Carmen. It stands on the same plane as Terina's Isolde and the Siegfried of M. Jean de Reszke. Its effect upon the audience at Covent Garden was quite interesting. The realism of it, the revelation of Carmen as she was, and as she is (for the type persists), gave a certain measure of offence to the timid folk who prefer the gipsy girl to be presented in fashion that would not startle an unsophisticated schoolgirl; but the sincerity of the creation, the establishment upon the stage of an atmosphere that was quite Spanish, quite Andalusian, seemed to reconcile many people to an interpretation they could not have accepted from a less talented artist. Madame Gay was happy in having a Spaniard in the part of Don José. M. Vignas responded to her moods in fashion that is well nigh impossible to a French or Italian singer who does not know Spain; and while the acting was perhaps the chief attraction, it may be remarked that Mme. Gay sang the music beautifully, taking few noticeable liberties with it, although the tempi seemed at times to be unduly accelerated. In the part of Micaela, Mlle. Dreyne was quite satisfactory—she narrowly escaped being charming. Signor Scandiani, who sang the Toreador music, threw himself into the part with so much conviction that it was unkind of the gallery to hiss him because he went out of tune in the famous Toreador song. During the week, several singers have sung flat without rebuke, and Signor Scandiani's trouble lay in the fact that the music is a little below his compass. Signor Serafin conducted, and though there were times when he hurried the music along too fast, his treatment of the score was delicate and engaging, and he kept the fine orchestra well in hand.

Is "Faust" losing any part of its popularity? The first performance this season of an opera that is supposed to be a safe draw suggested that five-and-forty years' presentation of Gounod's popular work have slightly overtaxed its appeal, and yet it was very

well given. The new basso, Signor Luppi, made the best of the part of Mephistopheles; his voice is sound, and his action, though conventional, was very robust. Even the disconcerting accident that befell him in the first act, and might have unnerved any singer

who was making his first appearance before a London audience, left him unmoved, though the titters among the good folk of Nuremberg could hardly be restrained. An American soprano sang the Marguerite music for the first time in London. Miss Lindsay was nervous; her singing in the opening bars of the "Jewel Song" suggested that she had had no rehearsal. We doubt whether the quality of her voice is quite light enough to do the fullest justice to Gounod's score, but of the beauty of the voice there can be no two opinions; and it is not easy to say how far the conquest of first-night nervousness will bring about the freedom of delivery that was a little to seek when she sang last week. Signor Bassi appeared as Faust, and gave a very creditable rendering of the part, though his intonation was decidedly faulty from time to time, and he did not act with much enthusiasm—perhaps because the response from the house was so small. In the part of Valentine, Signor Sammarco left nothing to be desired. He is as fine a singer as Covent Garden knows, and he touches nothing that he does not adorn. A new Siebel, Miss Ada Davis, made a satisfactory début, though the quality of her voice is not engaging. Signor Panizza conducted helpfully.



MME. JEAN GERARDY, WHOSE WEDDING TO THE FAMOUS 'CELLIST TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Vachoux.

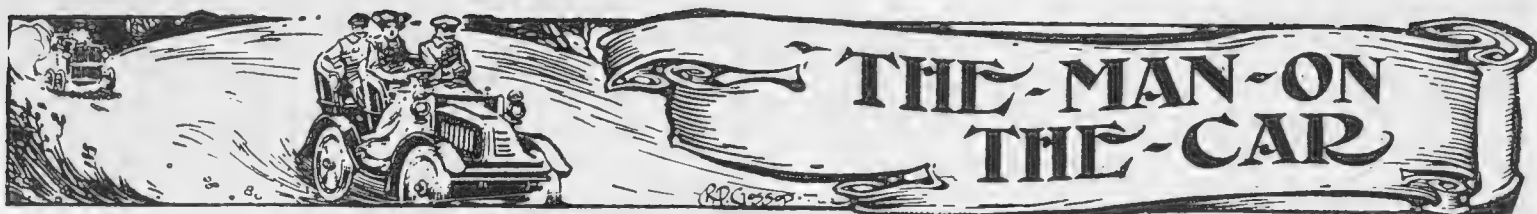


M. JEAN GERARDY, WHO MARRIED MISS AMELIA McQUADE LAST WEEK.

M. Jean Gerardy, the 'cellist, whose marriage is announced, was born in Belgium some thirty years ago, and entered the Verviers Conservatoire when no more than eight years old. At the ripe age of eleven he entered upon the career of a virtuoso, and appeared in this country at a concert in which Ysaye and Paderewski took part. Since those days Gerardy, now no longer an infant phenomenon, has been all over the world, and his 'cello has been heard in the United States, Australia, Russia, Germany, and France, winning favour everywhere. He is quite a great player, Many good judges set him side by side with Piatti.

Photograph by Gessford.

Madame Giachetti has given Puccini's opera "La Bohème" a fresh lease of life, and she has added to a reputation that has grown consistently since she made her first appearance at Covent Garden some three years ago. The part of Mimi has been essayed by many capable singers, by some, indeed, whose vocal range exceeds that of the latest exponent, but nearly all have been at pains to treat Puccini's score as the excuse for a display of vocal agility. They have sung the part well enough, but they have been as far removed from the Bohemia of Murger as this planet is from Mars. Madame Giachetti has brought the real blend of Mimi and Francine to the Opera House; long may it flourish there. She sang the music with great prudence and consideration for her own vocal capacity, and only erred in judgment once, when she reached after the high note on which Mimi brings the first act to an end. Mlle. Dreyne's Musetta was perhaps a little too suggestive of the Moulin de la Galette to please some of us, but vocally it was very sound. Bassi was excellent as Rodolfo, De Luca sang the baritone's music excellently, and Signor Serafin added to his young laurels. COMMON CHORD.



MOTOR BODIES IN 1908: ORDER EARLY—SAFETY REGULATIONS AT BROOKLANDS: FINISHING RULES—SPEED-LIMITS IN TOWNS LITTLE UNDERSTOOD—
THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE AND AUTOMATIC CARBURETTORS—CHEAPER CONTINENTALS—WANTED, A QUICK-RAISING HOOD.

WHOEVER contemplates securing a new car in the spring, and has made up his mind with regard to the chassis, should place the order for his body now, and without unduly pressing his body-builder, be sure that the work is started and gradually continued. I advise this for the reason that the body will then be completed in plenty of time for the coach-painter, who, if he knows his work and takes pride in it, likes to allow as long a period as possible between the innumerable coats of paint which a properly painted body should receive. I have heard talk of forty, and days of pumice-stoning.

The recent unfortunate and regrettable fatality at Brooklands has prompted the management to do what one would have thought they would have done before ever the concern opened its gates. In order to avoid a repetition of the accident by which poor young Herman lost his life, finishing instructions are now to be issued to every driver. A limit-line has been painted on the concrete up the centre of the winning straight and round on to the top bend, and competitors after passing the post must not swing over this mark. They will thereby be forced to slow down sufficiently to swing round the sharp bend, and will be prevented from running on to the outside slope of the big track, as poor Herman did.

The subject of speed-limits for motors in towns is very much discussed at the moment, and from the views which have been brought to my notice I am fain to believe that half the motorists who have plunged, pen in hand, into the breach know very little, have thought very little, and have had remarkably little experience of the subject. Except in the very narrowest and most congested streets ten miles per hour is an absurd limit to set upon a motor-car. Men, even motorists, talk glibly about ten miles per hour, but the odds are hugely in favour that, unless absolutely held up, they never travel at ten miles per hour in streets, or anything like it. These people are people who drive without speed-indicators, for, lacking such an instrument working accurately upon the car, I defy anyone to gauge speed—yea, even a Surrey policeman. Let any motorist who doubts this fit a Smith's Perfect Speed-indicator to his car, and after convincing himself, take all the ten-mile insists for rides strictly at that speed. Then there'll be an alteration!

I note that one of the technical papers has suggested that, if there is to be a Tourist Trophy Race in 1908, a condition shall be introduced forbidding man-handled carburettors altogether.

If this stipulation be coupled with a stated petrol-allowance per mile, I am quite in agreement, for taking the various organs of the motor-car into consideration, the Tourist Trophy Races have done less than nothing for the automatic carburetter. Indeed, there has been little or nothing automatic, except the float, about the instruments used in these races, for air-controls and petrol-controls were all confided to the mechanic, who juggled with them to the best of his judgment. An automatic carburetter Tourist Trophy Race would work good, because we are still a very long way off the perfect automatic carburetter.

There is no disguising or blinking at the fact that the one item of expenditure that goes far to strike terror to the heart of the

motorist whose purse is neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door is the cost of tyres. I do not believe for a moment that any of the leading tyre-manufacturers make an undue or an unconscionable profit from their output; indeed, it is quite easy to see that this cannot be so if the price of the best Para rubber landed in Europe be taken into consideration. There is no hope of a fall in the price of the raw material—indeed, quite the reverse—and the chemist who is to provide us with a cheaply manufactured, but perfect, substitute for the precious gum seems a parous long time over the job. The only hope for motorists for the present is in the adoption by the makers of improved methods of manufacture and improved plant, and it is therefore good news that the

Continental Tyre and Rubber Company find that they are thereby able to announce a substantial reduction in the price of motor tyres from the first of the present month.

Some little time since, I referred to the difficulty experienced in rearing an ordinary double Cape-cart hood single-handed, and now a correspondent writes me to the effect that he has seen a hood which can be run out from a roller at the back, something after the manner of a shop sun-blind. There is no doubt whatever that the present method is unhandy and provocative of much annoyance when it is necessary to raise the hood in a hurry. The job ought to be performable in less than a minute, for, as a general rule, hood-raising being at present a cumbersome job, it is put off until the rain is falling pretty heavily, with the result that all concerned are nicely damped before the thing is up. The hood *par excellence* should be capable of being raised and secured without leaving or stopping the car.



A CHANGE FROM DIABOLO! MISS ELLALINE TERRISS, WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER
AND THE "FAMILY CAR"—A 30-40-H.P. FIAT.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks are ardent motorists, and, despite the fact that they are now busy with Diabolo, still find time to take many a spin. Three years ago they bought a 20-h.p. Fiat; now they have purchased a 30-40-h.p. model of the same make. The car has a Limousine body designed and built by Messrs. H. J. Mulliner and Co., 28, Brook Street, W.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

SIR 'ENERY—TIPSTERS—THAT DOUBLE EVENT.

THE death of Lord Brampton reminds one that the majority of the gentlemen who took delight in watching the morning work on racecourses are dead. The late Lord Russell of Killowen gloried in being out to see the morning exercise. Indeed, he often went one better, and spent part of his vacation in visiting the training establishments presided over by John Osborne and Fred Bates, in Yorkshire. Lord Russell of Killowen owned a horse or two, but he always regretted not buying Bendigo when that horse was on offer in Ireland for something less than £200. His Lordship knew a good animal when he saw it, and he did not hesitate to give his opinion about any animal that he had watched doing work. Lord Brampton, in velvet coat and white hat, was often out on Newmarket Heath, and was a keen spectator of the early morning work during the race-meetings; at the headquarters of the Turf. He was a well-known figure at the Turf Club. He was on the Bench when the case of Wood v. Cox was tried, in which Mr. John Corlett appeared as a witness. It will be remembered that Sir F. Lockwood, who had contributed to the "Master's" paper for years, put the leading question, "Are you a jockey, Sir?" to Mr. Corlett. The latter, who weighed 16 st. at the time, was simply flabbergasted. He mopped his brow and mumbled out, "No, Sir. I am an owner." The scene in Court was one to be remembered, and the twinkle in Sir 'Enery's eye was quite an education. Sir Frank was a man of resource, and he immediately caricatured Mr. Corlett on a slip of paper, which was handed up to the Judge. It afterwards came into my possession. A remarkable coincidence in connection with the Wood v. Cox case, told to me by the latter, was that both had at different times occupied the one house in a leading square in Brighton. We still have Judges, by-the-bye, who are fond of horses. Mr. Justice Grantham generally officiates as judge at the Bar point-to-point, and Mr. Justice Bucknill, a capital horse-

they were, and I was surprised to be told the other day on the course that one of the vaticinators had turned book-maker, and was doing a roaring trade in the half-crown ring. It helps to while away a wait to listen to the stentorian tones of One-eyed Scottie, who before reaching his peroration delivers quite an eloquent discourse on things in general and horses in particular. Glover is another well-known man. He does not forget to tell his

clients of the number of horses he has owned and the jockeys he has engaged. "There's Lawson!" is a popular sound at Goodwood, and at many of the Newmarket coursing meetings. Lawson suggests that he will "go right through the card to-day," and occasionally he does very well indeed. The men I have mentioned are well known to many racegoers. They try to do their best, and their information is sought after by the public. But there are others, and if I had my way the rascals who change their names every week, and profess to have given winners when they have selected losers, should be punished severely.

Excitement is beginning to run high over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and one well-known Continental agent told me the other day that there had not been so much betting on the autumn handicaps for many years as has been the case this time. The long race is gradually narrowing down, and many good judges declare that Baltinglass, Royal Dream, Demure, Wuffy, and Mondamin will form the first bunch at the finish. So few horses can stay two miles and a quarter, and it is seldom a hard task to be able to find the winner of this race. My fancy ever since the St. Léger was run for has been Baltinglass, whose second to Wool Winder will bear inspection. The colt has been given one of Mr. Gilpin's orthodox preparations, and he is very likely to win easily if a boy can manage him. The long, tiring course from the bushes is calculated to test the capacity of a light-weight jockey even more than it



GERMAN ROYALTY AND JOCKEY: DUKE SIEGFRIED OF BAVARIA, WHO HAS JUST MADE HIS DÉBUT AS A STEEPLECHASE RIDER.

The Duke, who was born in 1876, is a Captain in the First Regiment of Bavarian Cavalry, and is the third royal personage who has donned silk as a gentleman jockey. Not only did he ride his own horse, but he passed the post first, getting home on a 16 to 1 chance. His appearance as a jockey is the more interesting in that he has not been deterred by the fact that Duke Adolph of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, taking part in a steeplechase some years ago, met with an accident in which he injured his spine in such a manner that he is likely to be a cripple for life.

man, follows the hounds as straight as the crow flies.

The advertisement tipsters—or rather, the most disreputable of them—are getting bolder every day. I had my attention drawn, a few days back, to a circular that was posted on the Friday, and contained several winners for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and the document led one to believe that it had really been issued from the press on the

Monday night. I suppose the law of the land is strong enough to deal with men who try to obtain money by false pretences, and I should be glad to hear that some innocent dupe had put it into action. As I have written many times before, there are several honest advertising tipsters who work hard to obtain information, and, generally speaking, are successful. They get the latest arrivals, watch the morning work, and find out those that are likely to be backed. These men get a good living, and are often sought after by the little punters; but times have not been so good of late as

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE WRESTLING SCENE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT" AS IT MIGHT BE: A WRESTLING BOUT IN BORNU.

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A BLACK ORLANDO AND A BLACK CHARLES? A WRESTLING BOUT IN BORNU, CENTRAL AFRICA.

A BLACK ORLANDO AND A BLACK CHARLES? A WRESTLING BOUT IN BORNU, CENTRAL AFRICA. Mr. J. B. Joel and his friends are, I believe, very sanguine, but the same can be said of other owners having animals engaged. Gold Riach, if the best of Taylor's lot, will take some beating, while I have had a tip for Precentor, who is trained by Grieve. This horse ran a great race for the distance at Newbury. I hope to be able to find the winner later on.

CAPTAIN COE.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Anglo-American Marriages.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, it appears, is all for Anglo-American marriages—provided they are based on affection and not on the allurements of dollars or a coronet. Her new novel, "The Shuttle," treats of this question of the day, and it is certain that it will rouse as much interest in England as I hear it has already done in the United States month by month in the pages of the *Century*. Mrs. Burnett's heroine has all the good things of this life, for she is not only an incomparable beauty, but the daughter of an arch-millionaire, and a consummate woman of business to boot. Bettina Vanderpool is a charming creation, and we like her all the more because she knows exactly how—and when—to distribute lavishly the parental millions. Also, she does not intend, as she frankly expresses it, "to take a remnant from the ducal bargain-counter"—for in this manner, it would seem, do the daughters of the American plutocracy speak of British dukes who offer themselves and their impoverished estates at Newport. But having honestly fallen in love (like any other Betty) with a young nobleman under a cloud, she waits for the psychological moment, and casts herself—and incidentally her

fortune—into his arms. The tale of the wooing of these two is admirable.

The Frenchman on the Englishwoman.

The Frenchman who is at present regarding Albion (no longer perfidious) "through French glasses," in a morning paper has all my sympathy, for by some scurvy trick he has had his binocular turned in the wrong direction—into the past instead of on to the present. The fashions, and even the types, which he describes are ten, twenty—I know not how many years old. The English beauty (for him) is a young person with "childish blue eyes, a dazzling complexion, and heavy masses of golden hair."

Personally, I see no young person like this in the

of coster-girls," covered in hearse-like plumes; whereas it is notorious that the Englishwoman is so devoted to her little hat she would have none of the monstrous overloaded *cloche* which every Parisienne has worn for a twelvemonth. I hope that the writer will yet cross the Channel and revisit these shores, and so correct his fantastic impressions.

The Obsolete Latin Standpoint.

The fact is that it is useless for an old-fashioned *boulevardier* to criticise the modern woman—or, for the matter of that, the modern world—for he does not begin to understand our present social phenomena. In America, in England, in Germany, in Scandinavia, and even in Russia, the world has gone ahead amazingly of late—while your *boulevardier* remains at his favourite café, sipping absinthe and criticising passing petticoats. When he cries to heaven to witness the "scandalous stride" of the young Englishwoman, he does not know that she is not so much desirous of attracting his admiration as of getting swiftly about her business. It is true that a Frenchwoman never crosses a street without an eye on possible admirers at every point of the compass. We may admire or deplore this attitude of mind in the female Gaul, but it is certain that this preoccupation about the casual, ogling stranger has disappeared among the women of Teutonic countries. In many things, Paris is the most parochial, limited, and old-fashioned capital in Europe. In spite of all the *féministe* novels, your average Frenchman has not yet, in Meredith's words, "rounded Cape Turk," and the *Désenchantées* of Pierre Loti are to be found by hundreds between the Madeleine and the Arc de Triomphe.

The New Nun.

The Board of Education has just assumed the pontifical rôle of the Roman Catholic Church, and is about to convert its girl-teachers into quasi-nuns. If they are not required to take the black veil and white coif (a most becoming costume, by-the-bye) they will have to take irrevocable vows not to marry for a term of years after their setting up as teachers in Board-schools. There is, it is true, a way of evading this awkward bond, and that is by the payment of twenty pounds sterling for every year which they have shirked teaching by plunging into matrimony, but this fine would be a serious sum for a girl-teacher. At Whitehall, they argue that public funds are wasted by training young people who throw up their profession at their first "offer," which goes to show that the intelligent young person is not so unattractive to her masculine contemporaries as has been rashly supposed. Whether the modern "nun" will be as alluring as was the mediæval one is yet to be proved by experience.

The Renaissance of Regent's Park.

The way fashions flare and fade in London is one of the strange problems of this vast town. Particularly subject to this erratic rule are the quarters where people want to live. A while ago the colonnaded terraces and "country houses" of Regent's Park were all that was respectable, but were considered by polite society to be beyond human ken. Mr. Henry James once wrote a diverting story to prove the impossibility of giving a dinner-party in the Regent's Park. But now polite society is setting out on voyages of discovery into its sylvan fastnesses, and recently one of the Smart Set has purchased a big house, on to which I could (but do not wish to) throw a stone. In short, the green pleasaunces north of Portland Place may once again become the highest mode.



[Copyright.]

A SMART VELVET HAT IN FIR GREEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)



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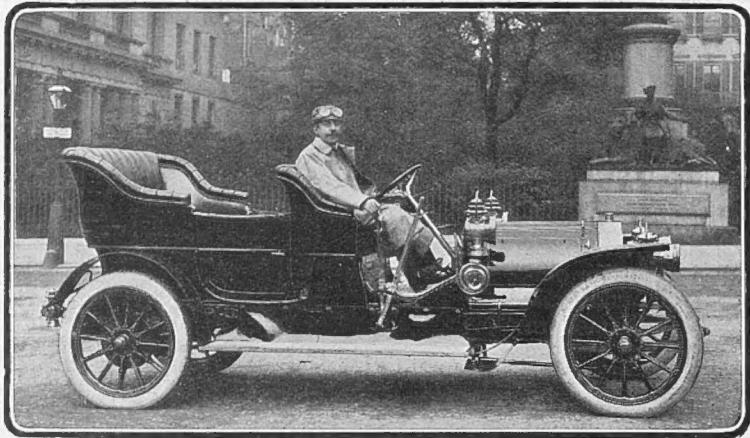
A SUPERB EVENING COAT OF IRISH LACE AND CHINCHILLA FUR.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

England of to-day. Golden hair, in grown-up people, does not exist, and for a good reason—it is not the fashion. The extreme blonde is almost as rare in these islands as she is in Spain or Italy. Then he denounces the Englishwoman for wearing knickerbockers instead of frilled petticoats—a fashion which came in with the cycling craze, and went out with it nearly a decade ago. Finally, we are reproached for our vast hats, "like those

THE WOMAN ABOUT-TOWN.

MARK TWAIN'S advice never to prophesy unless you know is wise as regards fashion. I feel that I know much, however, when I have seen Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Marie Tempest in new gowns for new plays. These actresses are always right at all points. Miss Jeffreys wears three frocks in "The Sugar Bowl." The first is for the evening, and is of pale grey lace. The hem is bordered with oxydised tissue, and the skirt opens with



A 27-32-H.P. PORTHOS TOURING CAR—MR. DEFRIES AT THE STEERING-WHEEL.

Since the 24-h.p. Porthos created a twelve-hours' non-engine-stop traffic record in London, under the official observation of the Royal Automobile Club, Messrs. Colin Defries, Ltd., of 2, Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus, have been the recipients of many congratulatory messages. It was certainly a fine performance, and no stronger proof of the flexibility of the engine could have been afforded. On the occasion of the final test, the car climbed the steepest hills on its 200 miles course without the slightest difficulty, the engine alone being used as a brake.—[Photograph by Argent Archer.]

oxydised tissue round the openings and linking them across. Folds of lace cross over on the bodice, and there is a waistband of oxydised tissue and a little vest under the décolletage of silver jet and iridescent embroidery. This appears also in the full lace sleeves falling wide and bell-like nearly to the elbow. At one side of the bodice a cluster of mauve and cherry pink anemones is fastened. Another of Miss Jeffreys' gowns is entirely of cream-coloured filet net trimmed with very handsome filet lace. There is a broad band of lace round the hem, and narrower bands of it up the skirt. The folds of the bodice are bordered with a narrow scalloping of cream-coloured taffetas, and a large cream-coloured hat trimmed with different kinds of pink roses is worn.

Miss Tempest looks always dainty to a nicety, and *chic* to the highest degree. In "The Barrier" she appears first in a dead white gown of that soft rich clinging silk known as *charmeuse*. The skirt is slightly draped in long and indescribable folds which show at the foot near the hem a triangular piece of rich silk embroidery as white as the dress, but of a silver-like lustre. The bodice is in one with the skirt, and gives a slightly short-waisted effect, without in the least detracting from the wearer's beautifully modelled figure. Folds of the *charmeuse* edged with embroidery enclose a vest of the soft silken lace-like embroidery, and there is a high neck-band and tiny chemisette of tucked tulle. The sleeves in large puffs to below the elbow are of the silk embroidery, and inside are dainty sleevelets of white tucked tulle.

The next gown is orchid mauve batiste embroidered in white linen thread, with a design of leaves; the skirt shows a little embroidery, and the bodice much. There is a pretty, dainty vest of Valenciennes lace and tucked net. The last-act dress is again of *charmeuse* in a lovely shade of hydrangea blue. The skirt is plain, the crossing bodice shows a waistcoat of palest harebell blue, chiffon, opening in turn over a chemisette of tulle and Valenciennes lace, slightly sewn with gold thread. There is a loose and rather long coat of darker-hued *charmeuse*, trimmed with *soutache*. They are three perfect frocks, yet I am conscious that in describing them they sound ordinary. Their success lies in their fit, cut, and the way they are worn.

It is nothing out of the commonplace nowadays to possess diamonds; what is desirable is to have them set in a way that stands out for taste and refinement. The Parisian Diamond Company have done much to cultivate this taste in form, and are every day doing more to gratify and encourage it. Plaques for neck-wear are among their new things of which we give an illustration. It is one of the most becoming, as well as the most beautiful, of ornaments. The designs for these plaques are varied, and the jewels more or less numerous as desired. There is at present a great demand for them.

For the latest and the best and most delightful fashions in peltry I can recommend a careful perusal of a charming book published by the International Fur Company and called "Beautiful Furs." The splendidly illustrated pages are an object-lesson in all that is most becoming in luxurious and lovely fur garments.

The newest clothes at a glance, not only dresses, coats, hats, but underskirts, morning wrappers, tea-gowns, the last things in blouses, children's clothes, gloves, stockings, handkerchiefs—in fact, feminine outfits from start to finish, according to the very last

word of fashion—will be found fully and charmingly illustrated in a book called, appropriately, "Modes Gracieuses," issued for this autumn by the great firm of Peter Robinson, Regent Street.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found drawings of a smart velvet hat in the new shade of reseda called fir-green, finished with a buckle at one side and a great cluster of shaded green ostrich-feathers at the other. Another drawing is of a superb evening cloak of Irish lace with chinchilla fur.

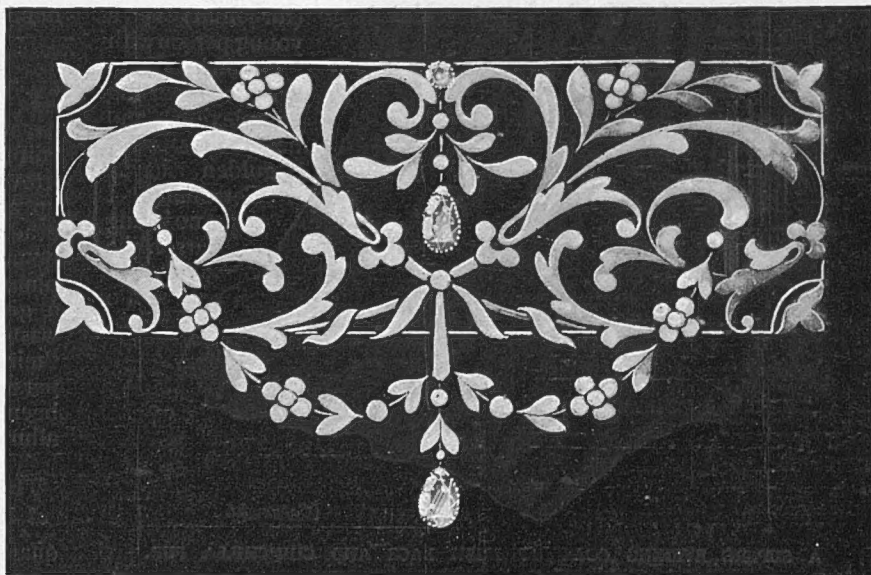
"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

AS the years pass it must become increasingly difficult to present fresh figurations, original costumes, and novel colour-schemes in ballet, and the Alhambra management may be congratulated upon the success that has attended their efforts in these directions. Seldom has good taste entered so completely into the colour-scheme of an Alhambra ballet; never have we seen the manoeuvres of the *corps-de-ballet* more intricate in design, more spirited in execution. The Apple Harvest scene, and the scene in the hall of the Château of Corneville present an Alhambra ballet at its best, in colour, movement, dancing, and gesture. Happily for those who love dancing, Maria Bordin, a really great dancer, now reigns. To be sure, she has not enough to do, but this is a fault that may be remedied readily enough. Robert Planquette's music has been retained to a large extent, Mr. George Byng's handling of the original score, his arrangements and additions, being, as was to be expected, quite skilful and pleasing. Perhaps the best performance is that of Signor G. Rosi, who plays the part of Gaspard, and reminds me strongly of the late Shiel Barry. He is an artist who makes a perfectly legitimate use of gesture, and gets the fullest dramatic significance of a big part by means that are always expressive without violence, and convincing without being sensational. While other rôles in the ballet are interpreted quite satisfactorily, Signor Rosi's performance stands out by itself, an achievement that would make "Les Cloches de Corneville" worth seeing if the other features that help to make it so attractive had been far less worthy of praise.

Very seldom does one see such an interesting and valuable collection of antiques as Messrs. Waring have decided to offer at reduced prices, previous to the removal of the stock from their antique galleries at 175-181, Oxford Street to their new premises opposite. This sale will certainly afford the connoisseur and the collector, as well as the general public, an exceptional opportunity of possessing some of these art-treasures, which will be found to be marked down at astonishingly low prices in order that a great clearance may be effected. The sale will commence on Monday, Oct. 21, at Waring's Antique Galleries, 175-181, Oxford Street.

At the Essex Motor-Boat Races, held the other day at Southend-on-Sea, the *Daily Telegraph* presented a very handsome silver challenge cup, the order for which was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. The cup, which stands, with its plinth, fifteen inches high, bears the following inscription: "Essex Motor Club Aggregate Prize. Presented by the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. October 1907."

While it is being said that insanity can be cured by means of a surgical operation, it is particularly interesting to notice that Mr. James Aitchison, writing in *Cassell's Magazine* for this month,



A PLAQUE FOR NECK-WEAR, BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

argues a distinct relationship between defective eyesight and crime. In a most interesting article, Mr. Aitchison points out many of the miseries and dangers involved in defective vision. He does not, of course, argue that eye-trouble leads necessarily to crime, but he is of opinion that there can be no question that "brain and nerve discomfort may exert a disastrous influence on the higher nature of man, and is not the condition most favourable to the development of his moral qualities." Undoubtedly, even those who are only slight sufferers from short sight should read the article.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 28.

CANADIANS.

AT 163½ Canadian Pacifics pay over 4 guineas per cent. on the money, and there is to be a new issue of Ordinary shares which will certainly provide a good bonus. So one may almost say that Canadas will pay at least 5 per cent. on the money for this year, and the Company is in a wonderfully strong position. The recent statement of land sales by the Hudson's Bay Company was so unsatisfactory as regards immediate results that we doubt whether the price will go much above 80 for a while to come.

The Trunk meeting was quite as satisfactory as the most sanguine market spirits hoped for. It is a long time since we have seen Sir Rivers Wilson in so optimistic a mood, the effect of which made itself felt for a moment on the price of Thirds, and Little Trunks. The general effect of the meeting was to confirm the belief entertained that should the present traffic increases go on for the rest of the year, the Thirds' dividend can be increased in April, and to show that the monthly statements are of very little use to anyone but the gambling fraternity. The Company might well drop the issue of these statements, unless more information is given in them, as, for instance, the debiting to any particular month of extraordinary expenditure, and such like matters, necessary for any fair deduction to be drawn. The black spot is, of course, as elsewhere, labour.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What you have to do," said The City Editor didactically, "is to cut your coat according to your cloth."

"More easily said than done," returned The Broker. "If you have been accustomed to fifteen hundred a year as a minimum, it's not at all nice to have to put up with a thousand."

"It is a very pathetic state of affairs," and The Banker looked straight across at The Jobber.

That usually vivacious gentleman blew a long line of blue tobacco-smoke into the air before he answered.

"I think people are having to economise all round, Sir, and that the poverty is not confined to the Stock Exchange."

"In the provinces they are prosperous enough," complained The Engineer.

"Quite so, because trade is good, which is one reason for London people being slack. I needn't elaborate the well-known argument."

"Why should people have to economise?" asked The Banker.

"Because, my dear Sir, prices of securities have fallen so heavily that the holders feel compelled to turn economical, even in those cases where the income has not been reduced; in the case of Railway Debenture stocks, for instance."

"But will there be an exodus from the Stock Exchange next March?"

"Not more than was the case last March, I should say. There is a tremendous lot of rot being talked about distress in the House, and to me"—The Jobber used his fist for emphasis—"such talk is nauseating."

"Obviously," said The Merchant. "And——"

"Then why comment on the obvious? Leave that to the newspapers: it's their business."

"What's their business?" demanded The City Editor.

"To comment on the obvious," was the quick reply.

"Live and let live," interposed the amicable Engineer. "You're a pair of Kilkenny cats, you two. Talk about copper."

"Ah! there you've got me," said The Jobber. "All I know about copper is that I'm rapidly coming to my last one."

"How much lower can copper possibly go?" queried The Merchant. "It seems to upset every mortal thing in the Stock Exchange with its perpetual fall."

"Two years hence we shall all be cursing ourselves for having missed the opportunity of our lifetime, as now presented by cheap prices," chipped in The Broker.

"The management of some American railroads and certain other institutions is so abominable," declared The Banker, "that one fears to repose any confidence in the United States at all."

There was a little chorus of assent.

"Don't you think the day must come when these licensed robbers will be turned out neck and crop? Roosevelt is doing all he knows even now, and public opinion is likely to follow him, eh?"

But to this proposition there was some shaking of heads.

"Before they could be kicked out, these thieves might break the market, and cause a panic. People know it, and daren't risk the chance," said The Broker.

"Lord Rothschild blames Roosevelt," added The Banker.

"Yes. That seemed to me highly unnecessary," The Engineer remarked. "Roosevelt is at least doing the best he can against very heavy odds, and he deserves support."

"New York Centrals and Pennsylvanias are cheap—good—sound investments," laid down The Broker. "And Canadas are cheap. I don't say we shan't see them lower, of course, but I do say they are cheap and will eventually recover."

"We must modify our hopes of an early zoo," The City Editor admitted.

"We've had to modify our hopes in every direction," said

The Broker. "The pandering of the Government to Socialism has produced——"

"Steady now, Brokie, else I shall prove that the trade of the country has been raised to a record under Free Trade, such as would certainly not have been the case with Protection."

"Trade might have been a trifle dislocated for a few months, but this Socialistic business, I tell you candidly, is driving investment away from home Industrials."

"Oh, well," said The Jobber, as he prepared to alight, "there's nothing like a hard day's work doing not a solitary bargain to make any man feel he is justly entitled to Old Age Pensions or anything else he can get for nothing."

THE YATIYANTOTA TEA COMPANY.

An interim dividend of 4 per cent., or 8s. per share, has been declared on the Ordinary shares of the Yatiyantota Ceylon Tea Company. Last year no interim dividend was paid, and the dividend for the whole year was 5 per cent., or 10s. per share. When the accounts for the year come to be made up, it will be no surprise to those who are acquainted with the property if the total dividend for the current year amounts to at least double what was paid for 1906. This increase would require only £4500, and it is already certain that the profits for the year will show a greater advance than this. The reason for the growth in profits is very simple. I drew your readers' attention in March last to the greatly improved position of the Tea Trade owing to the fact that consumption has undoubtedly overtaken supply. The result has been a very marked advance in the price of Tea, and more especially of lower grade teas. The feature of the market continues to be the strong demand for all teas up to about 7d. a lb., and as there is no prospect of an early increase in supply, it seems probable that the higher values will be maintained. There has been a small advance in cost of production, but far the greater part of the advanced value remains in the planters' pockets. A few figures will show how the position affects the Yatiyantota Company. The average crop of the Company's estates amounts to about 1,600,000 lb., and the average cost and sale price for the past three years, and for the first six months of the present year, are as follows—

Year.	Output (lb.).	Cost per lb.	Sale price per lb.
1904	1,488,000 ..	3.68d. ..	4.86d.
1905	1,603,000 ..	3.68d. ..	4.72d.
1906	1,576,000 ..	3.95d. ..	5.07d.
1907 (Jan.—June)	834,000 ..	— ..	6.14d.

A comparison of these figures shows that the Company should be earning an additional 1d. per lb. on its output of 1,600,000 lb., and your readers can work out for themselves what this will mean in the next profit-and-loss account. Last year's net profit was £8475, and admitted, as I said above, of a dividend of 10s. per share. The issued capital of the Company consists of 4500 6 per Cent. Preference shares of £10 each and 9000 Ordinary shares of £10 each. I have said nothing so far of the prospects of the concern as a Rubber producer, but in a few years' time the revenue from rubber should be a considerable factor in the annual profits. The Company made a profit of over £2000 from the rubber sold last year, and should make a similar profit this year. Over 300,000 rubber-trees have now been planted, of which 220,000 are two years old and upwards. In a few years' time the Company will therefore be producing rubber on a large scale, and the shares have a speculative value in this respect, apart from their solid merits as a dividend-paying Tea Company. The Ordinary shares are quoted at 16½, and are likely to go to 25.

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. C.—No, "Q" never mentioned Gwalia Consolidated, but they have been referred to several times in these columns. The cause of the drop has been the delay in getting the new machinery to work, which has frightened holders. It is a gamble to buy now, the practical result of which will be known next month. We believe in it.

C. B. S.—Your letter was answered on the 8th inst.

W. W. (Paisley).—Your letter is not one that we can answer. Tanganyikas are a gamble, and we have proved our information unreliable; while as to Kaffirs improving, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." What you say about the children of Israel may be true, but you put it very forcibly.

F. T.—Both banks are good, sound concerns, and stand high. The liability on the Canadian shares is 50 dollars each. It is a Canadian company, and not under the English limited liability laws.

T. C.—We wrote you fully on the 9th inst.

WELLAND.—The Corporation is a sound concern, and should have had a good year. Whether a dividend will be paid on the Ordinary shares in December we do not know.

E. K.—The notes are, in our opinion, a sound security, as the Light and Power Company is a good one, and most respectable. We think we could get them a little cheaper if you care to buy and will communicate with us again.

RUSTICUS.—If the shares were our own we should hold for your price. It is said to have been doing fair business, but the market is not optimistic.

E. G.—The Robinson Central Deep is supposed to have a life of about eight years; hence the high yield.

W. B.—The whole list is good. We prefer the Trust Companies, the Cuba bonds, and the Tram shares.

L. S. D.—The Gas shares are a fair Industrial risk at present prices. Nos. 2, 3, and 5 are dependent on the price of Copper, and No. 4 we consider a speculative Industrial.

H. C.—We have written you fully.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Cesarewitch will be won easily by Baltiuglass. For places, I like Royal Dream and Radium. Other selections for Newmarket are: Select Stakes, All Black; Kennett Plate, Melayr; Autumn Handicap, Romney; Cheveley Stakes, Siberia; Second October Nursery, Dollars; Challenge Stakes, Sagamore; Heath Handicap, The Ring; Ditch Mile Nursery, Whicing; Lowther Stakes, Plum-tree; Prendergast Stakes, Bonspiel II.; Royal Stakes, Olympian; Exning Handicap, Felt; Middle Park Plate, Lesbia. At Lingfield, the following should run well: Non-Stayers' Plate, Ignorance; Pheasant Handicap, Aid; October Nursery, Malise; Rustic Handicap, Teetotaler; Cage Nursery, Hostility.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

The Fraud. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—
An English Girl. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Methuen.)—
Major Vigoureux. By "Q." (Methuen.)

THERE is an obvious advantage in the Philistine method in fiction. The mental effort required for reading (for instance) Mr. Henry James not uncommonly proves something the reverse of pleasurable to the reader out on the trail of mild diversion. He argues that, as a relaxation compatible with an arm-chair or railway-carriage, "The Golden Bowl" (again, for instance) falls short of his standard, and away goes the master's work through the window. Whereby wise women, such as Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, learn matters to their profit. "The Fraud" (Hodder and Stoughton) makes no presumptuous claims on the intelligence. It is innocent of subtlety just as it is innocent of art. David Belair was a fraud of the deepest, indelible dye, properly rounded off by drunkenness, cowardice, and marital infidelity. No half-tones there; the reader's voyage is plain sailing. The book runs with ease, and it is a judicious story, with plenty of sentiment, plenty of incident, and "about as much moralising as your William likes." Mrs. Kernahan makes, however, one mistake. The twinges of conscience of Mervin Danvers, the "ghost" who wrote Belair's books for him, were an insufficient atonement for his share in the deception. He accepted a comfortable salary for enabling Belair to pose as a genius. Harriet Belair, who married the reputed author of "The Underworld" because of the lofty utterances of that noble work, transferred her worship to Danvers when she discovered the truth. But how did she come to overlook the moral significance of his complicity?

Behind the vacillations of Don Collar Kelleg, in "An English Girl" (Methuen), the lights of inspiration twinkle—capriciously, but still they twinkle. At their brightest, when Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has his triumphant moments, they make a brave show. For this reason we are able to grope cheerfully through the trifling which so much of Eleanor's analysis of her lover amounts to, being sustained by our confidence in the author's quality. His description of Don's childhood shows him at his best. The young man's father was a Trust magnate, who left to him, a super-sensitive, the crushing burden of ill-gotten millions. Here is Mr. Hueffer's account of his youth—

They had travelled, in a desultory way, half over Europe, his mother quarrelling with his father all the way. Don had had a private allowance of fifty dollars a week, and permission to buy anything that he wanted in Rome, Paris, or

Vienna. . . . In Vienna he had wanted to buy a dancing gipsy to travel with them. But his mother had not allowed it. When they got back to New York his father had begun to build his famous palace, No. 1912, Fifth Avenue. And whilst it was in the building they had lived in a great hotel. That time Don considered to have been the most miserable he had ever spent. He had had no one to play with but the bell-boys and lift-attendants in the great marble lounges. And the lift-boys had always been too busy to play any decent games. . . . At last his father had hired lift-boys to do nothing but play with him. Then he had discovered that he did not like lift-boys. . . . And his father and mother had quarrelled incessantly.

"It was unbearable!" Don said. "Our storey of the hotel was furnished with no stuff that had not belonged to Marie Antoinette. And those continual rows going on all the time!"

This was the man whom Eleanor Greville, the English girl, was proposed by Nature to comfort, although Mr. Hueffer disposes of her less helpfully. The purpose of the book is observation, from the English view and by the comparative method, of the modern American. The note upon which it closes is significant—

The people here don't know [the English do, it seems]; they haven't any standards . . . but they are always alert to meet circumstances, to form new judgments. . . . Americanism isn't the product of a race: it's a product of a frame of mind. The English who succeed in America are the very English who are stifled at home—who can't stand your atmosphere of accepted ideas. . . . They may have been born in Hampshire, but they are born Americans.

We have quoted enough to show that "An English Girl" looks to be taken seriously. It thrusts itself—arrogantly, controversially, if you will—out of the rank and file of the season's novels.

"Q." is the man, the only man living we think, to set the Isles of Scilly as they should be set—in a genial comedy. They and their tiny population are things apart, not quite to be taken seriously by the summer visitor, perhaps, but once known to be cherished in the mind. "Major Vigoureux" (Methuen) presents them with so much understanding, so much kindly wit and golden glow of description, that it is likely to remain the standard novel of the islands for many a long day to come. "Q." as we know, is always sympathetic, born with the light and happy touch of the writer whose characters are his friends. They are human; he loves them. He has not the heart to be severe, even with mischief-making Miss Gabriel, whose perambulations round Garrison Hill on the night of the great sea fog are described in a vein of delightful humour. We will not tell how love and prosperity came to Narcisse Vigoureux, the brave, poor commandant of a vanished garrison, nor who was the mermaid with the wonderful voice who sat combing her hair at Piper's Hole for the three Tregarthen children to see and hear, nor how the Lord Proprietor was brought to think of introducing bulb-growing to Scilly. These things must be read, in all their whimsical freshness, in the pages of Mr. Quiller-Couch's delightful book.

LETTERS FROM CELEBRITIES.

THE HEALTHY MIND IN THE HEALTHY BODY.

The keynote of happiness, long life, and successful achievement is the healthy mind in the healthy body. Sanatogen is the tonic food which is being prescribed by the medical profession to-day to bring about this happy condition. Not only have 5000 physicians endorsed, in writing, the merits of Sanatogen as the ideal recuperative and restorative, but the most distinguished men and women of the day have not hesitated in coming forward to testify to the great value of Sanatogen.

Thus Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair bestows high praise—

"THE CHAPTER HOUSE,
 "ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E.C.
 "Sanatogen appears to be an admirable food for
 invalids and those who suffer from indigestion."

William Sinclair

Sanatogen is a scientific combination of pure milk albumen with glycerophosphates, and, owing

to its composition, it nourishes the system whilst toning the nerves and giving healthy stimulus to the brain. In fact it gives to body, brain, and nerves their essential food in precisely the form in which it is the most readily assimilated, and so aids in building up the tissues as well as toning them. Mr. John Hare the distinguished actor, writes—

"75, UPPER BERKELEY STREET,
 "PORTMAN SQUARE, W.
 "It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to the efficiency of your preparation 'Sanatogen,' and I shall be glad if you will send me a further supply of it. I have found it a most valuable tonic and stimulant during a period when I had to work very hard under conditions of great weakness and ill-health. I can heartily recommend it to those working under similarly distressing circumstances."

John Hare

In this age of nervous waste Sanatogen is a priceless boon to those suffering from overwrought nerves, and the train of ills that follows in their wake. Dyspepsia, weakness, nervousness, depression, disappear under a course of food tonic remedy. Its use restores naturally, pleasantly, and permanently, and imparts new strength and vigour.

Mr. C. B. Fry, the well-known cricketer, writes—

"GLENBOURNE MANOR,
 "WEST END, HANTS.
 "Sanatogen is an excellent tonic food in training, especially valuable as a tonic during the periods of nervous exhaustion, commonly called staleness, to which men who undergo severe training are liable. I have recommended it to many of my friends."

C. B. Fry

Sanatogen is eminently suitable for invalids, for, whilst it is a powerful recuperative and restorative, it can be borne by the most delicate stomach. By toning the system Sanatogen promotes natural sleep, from which one awakens refreshed and invigorated and with a renewed interest in life.

Those interested in getting well and keeping well should read an engrossing booklet by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E., the well-known medical writer. It is entitled "The Will to Do," and treats of matters of vital importance to our well-being in general and on modern nerve ailments in particular. The publishers, Messrs. F. Williams and Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., will send a copy entirely free of charge if mention is made of this paper.

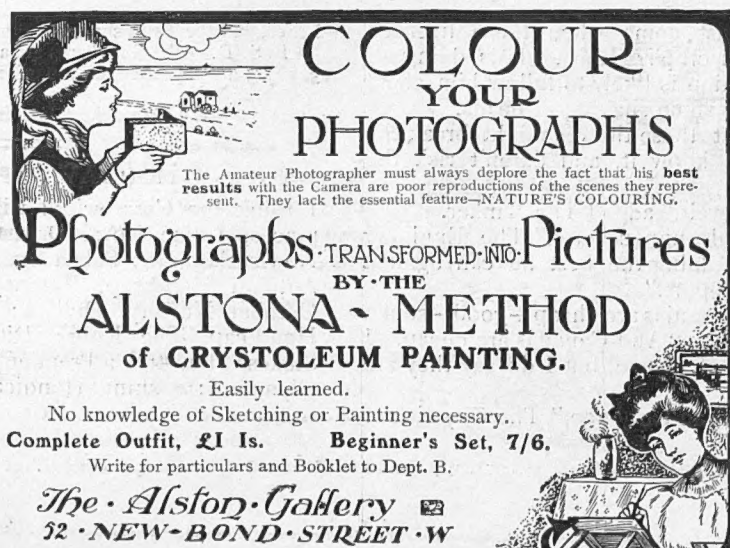


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